

# The Sketch

No. 923.—Vol. LXXI.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1910.

SIXPENCE.



ANOTHER ROMANCE OF THE STAGE: VISCOUNTESS TORRINGTON (FORMERLY MISS ELEANOR SOURAY),  
WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LORD TORRINGTON TOOK PLACE THE OTHER DAY.

Miss Eleanor Souray will be remembered as having appeared most successfully in such plays as "The Merveilleuses," "The Duchess of Dantzic," and "Letty." More recently, she has owned several racehorses, and has shown much interest in racing. Viscount Torrington succeeded his father, as ninth Viscount, in 1889, when he was three years old. From 1899 to 1901 he was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria, and he held the same position with King Edward from the latter date until 1903. The wedding took place in Paris. It is stated that Lord Torrington will make his first appearance as gentleman jockey before long at Lingfield, riding one of his wife's horses.

Photograph by Rita Martin.





### After the Lull.

My prophecy has been fulfilled; this is, in one sense, very gratifying. I said last week that something awful was going to happen—that the absence of "news" of any sort in all parts of the globe was ominous. On the very day that that warning was issued to the world, four innocent journalists were mistaken for rioters by the Berlin police, and beaten with the flats of sabres. Here is an extract from the graphic account of the incident published in the *Daily Telegraph*: "The four correspondents, who had been peacefully surveying the landscape, realised their danger, at once stood up, and attempted to reason with their infuriated assailants, at the same time searching their pockets for their credentials. They might as well have argued with an earthquake or with the Maelstrom. Not the slightest heed was paid to their remonstrances. The only answer they got was a rain of blows from the swords. Resistance would probably have meant that they would have been shot dead upon the spot. Under such circumstances, there is only one place for discretion, and none for valour. They instinctively relapsed into their seats and doubled over." This vivid story should bring home to the public the self-sacrificing nature of the journalistic career. What would the British working-man say if, whilst he was peacefully plying his pick or his shovel, those in authority fell upon him and belaboured him?

### Rending the Veil.

The most pathetic touch in the whole story, perhaps, is that description of the search for credentials. It is difficult enough to disentangle your passport or police-pass from a bundle of letters and bills even amid the comparative peace of a big railway-station or a throng of sightseers; only very sanguine men could hope for success in their search whilst a band of infuriated policemen were beating them with sabres. You might feel inclined to suggest that journalists should wear badges outside their coats, after the manner of the cabman or the street-hawker, but the average journalist, you must know, is a very modest and retiring person. He does not care to parade the nature of his calling in that blatant way. Nor would it be good for the public that they should know a journalist when they see one. The romance of the profession would be, to some extent, lost, just as the actor sacrifices a certain amount of his fascination every time he is photographed with his baby. The journalist, up to the present, has preserved very jealously the mysterious cloak of anonymity that makes him so interesting and so powerful. He can fell you to the earth or exalt you to the skies, but you never see the clenched fist or the extended palm. This makes the iconoclastic action of the Berlin police all the more reprehensible.

### The Exiles.

I know something of the difficulties under which the English journalist labours in a foreign capital. He cannot expect, nor does he receive, the same facilities and attentions as the native journalist. Our own police, that grand body of men, are naturally more inclined to examine carefully a police-pass presented to them by a French or German journalist than the duplicate flashed at them by the English journalist. They scarcely realise, to begin with, that there are such people as important foreign journalists in London at all. The English journalist is taken for granted. I myself have passed through a force of London police three deep, and fighting to hold the crowd back at that, by the simple expedient of holding aloft a printed invitation to a public banquet that had taken place a week before. A top-hat, a stern glance, and a piece of folded white paper go a long way with our admirable police-force. I should not like to attempt any little game of

that sort in Berlin. The best thing for the English journalist in a foreign capital to do is to sit in his café with a cigarette and an inspiring drink, and buy the editions of the evening papers as they come out. Most of the older hands know this. It is only a ridiculous thirst for glory, often inadequately remunerated, that leads the younger spirits from the safe security of their accustomed table.

### "Earl Roberts Born."

I often wonder to whom is entrusted the delicate and responsible job of selecting the quotations that appear, day by day, on one's tear-off calendar. When you remember that these quotations influence an entire household, from the parlour-maid the first thing in the morning to the master of the house the last thing at night, for an entire year, you will admit, I think, that the task is one requiring the utmost discretion. As a rule, one is glad to acknowledge, this work is admirably performed; now and again, however, one is a little puzzled. This morning, for example, I read on my calendar: "Earl Roberts born, 1832." That is perfectly correct. Then, however, I come to this quotation from Tennyson—

You wrong me, passionate little friend,  
I would that wars should cease;  
I would the globe from end to end  
Might sow and reap in peace.

Now, am I to take it that these lines are put into the mouth of Lord Roberts, or is the compiler addressing Lord Roberts as his "passionate little friend"? We all know that it was the Poet who spoke them, being engaged in conversation with one Irene. Really, my calendar has cost me a lot of thought to-day!

### The Eternal Risk.

"Puzzled" writes to one of my daily papers asking for advice. Two friends of "Puzzled's" have quarrelled. One of these friends, it seems, with a view to helping the other friend, condemned certain features of the other friend's work. "Puzzled" therefore asks: "How far is a man justified in criticising another's work? Is he to equivocate and profess to approve work he considers bad, or may he criticise unfavourably, and risk discouraging rather than helping?" It is not for me to answer this difficult question. I will content myself with reconstructing the little misunderstanding between "Puzzled's" friends—

ARTHUR. Hullo, old fellow! Hard at it?

WILLIAM. Just finished. I should like your candid opinion if you'll let me have it.

ARTHUR. With all the pleasure in the world. Fire away!

WILLIAM (*after reading the poem—looks up expectantly*). Well?

ARTHUR. You said you wanted me to be candid, I think?

WILLIAM. Of course. No criticism is worth a rap that isn't candid.

ARTHUR. Well, then, old fellow, I think it's sheer drivel.

WILLIAM (*with suppressed bitterness*). Indeed? And why?

ARTHUR. For lots of reasons, old friend. It doesn't scan, it isn't sense, and there's not an original phrase or a gleam of real intelligence in it. In fact, old man, it's awful! If you take my advice, you'll burn it.

WILLIAM (*rising*). Get out of my room!

ARTHUR (*greatly astonished*). Eh?

WILLIAM. D'ye hear me? Get out of my room! What d'you know about poetry?

ARTHUR. But, my dear chap, I was only trying to help you. I thought you were much too broad-minded to—

WILLIAM. Are you going, or must I throw you into the street?

ARTHUR. Oh, if it comes to that!—

[*They close in deadly embrace.*]



## A DOG'S CHANCE! LEADING PLAYERS IN "THE BISHOP'S SON."

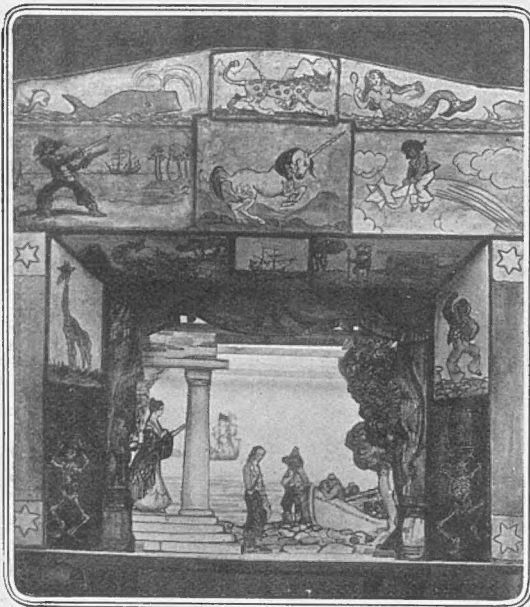


MR. BRANSBY WILLIAMS AS DAN MYLREA AND TIM AS TIM IN MR. HALL CAINE'S NEW VERSION OF "THE DEEMSTER," AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Bransby Williams has met with great success in "The Bishop's Son," especially in the soliloquy scene played by himself and his dog, Tim. Speaking to an interviewer the other day, Mr. Bransby Williams said of his dog: "Tim is more or less of a coincidence. He belonged to Mr. Will Douglas, a clever acrobat of the halls; more than that, he was born in Douglas. And now he is a player, and in a Manx play."



## CAPS AND BELLS — WEDDING AND OTHERWISE : AND AN OLD PROSCENIUM.



THE SHAKESPEAREAN MEMORIAL THEATRICAL EXHIBITION: AN OLD-TIME PROSCENIUM TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY. With the excellent idea of encouraging the love of Shakespeare in the East End, and incidentally of aiding the project for a National Shakespeare Theatre, a Shakespearean Memorial Theatrical Exhibition is to be held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery from Oct. 12 to Nov. 20. Our illustration shows a model of an old-time proscenium, lent by Mr. Jack Yeats, of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

*Photograph by the Central News.*



MARRIED TO MISS ELEANOR SOURAY THE OTHER DAY VISCOUNT TORRINGTON.

As we have already noted under our front page illustration of Viscountess Torrington, Lord Torrington married Miss Eleanor Souray the other day in Paris. Between them they own about forty racehorses.

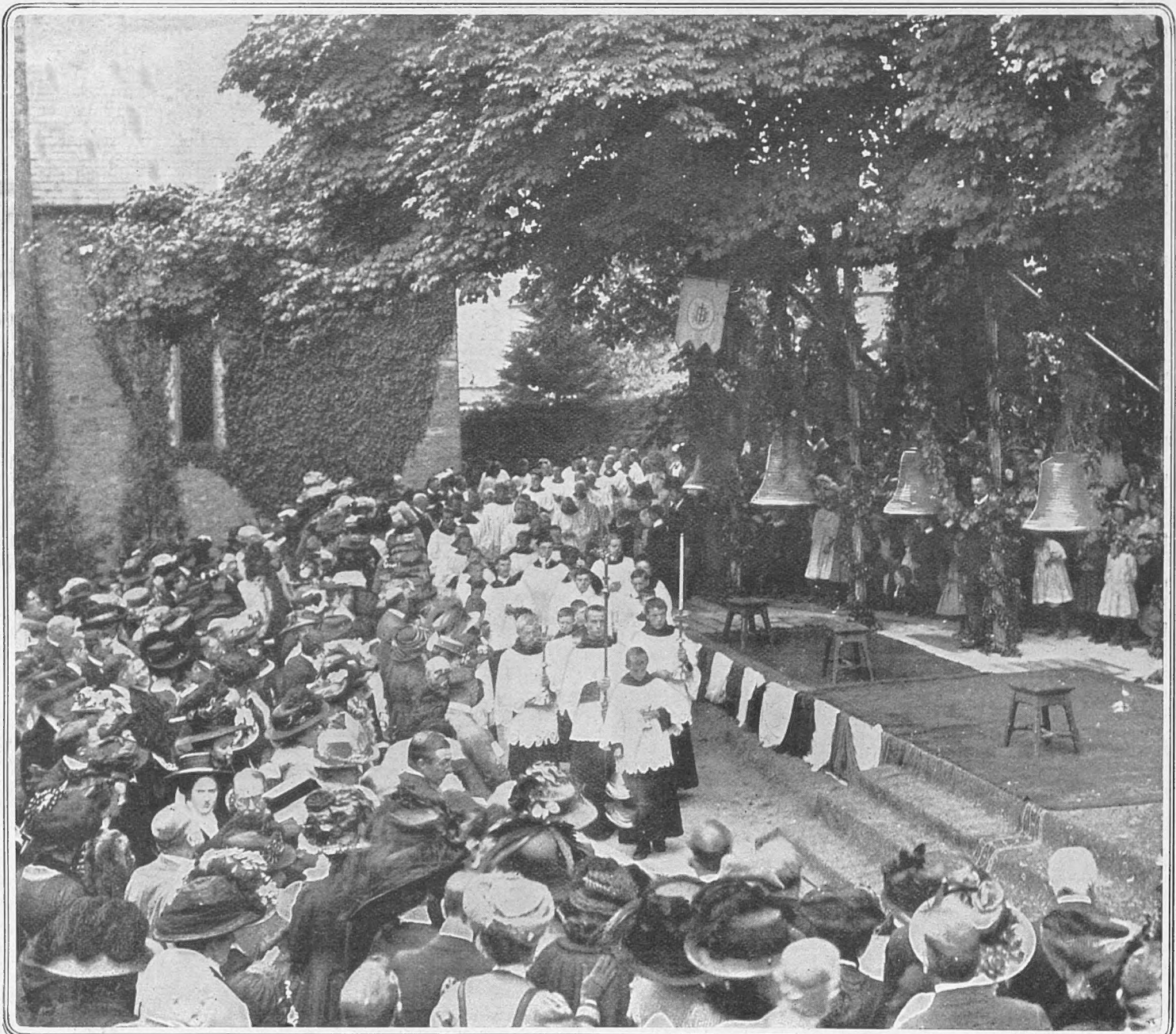
*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*



WITH EXTRAORDINARILY LONG CAP-RIBBONS: GERMAN NAVAL RESERVISTS RETURNING HOME AFTER MANŒUVRES.

It will be noted that one of the men wears a cap-ribbon with ends that reach practically to his heels. The other is content with a shorter ribbon and carries the longer ribbons in his hand. Such ribbons as these will surely make our own Jack Tars envious; and what a chance for their sweethearts, whether Naval regulations permit the cutting of such ribbons or no.

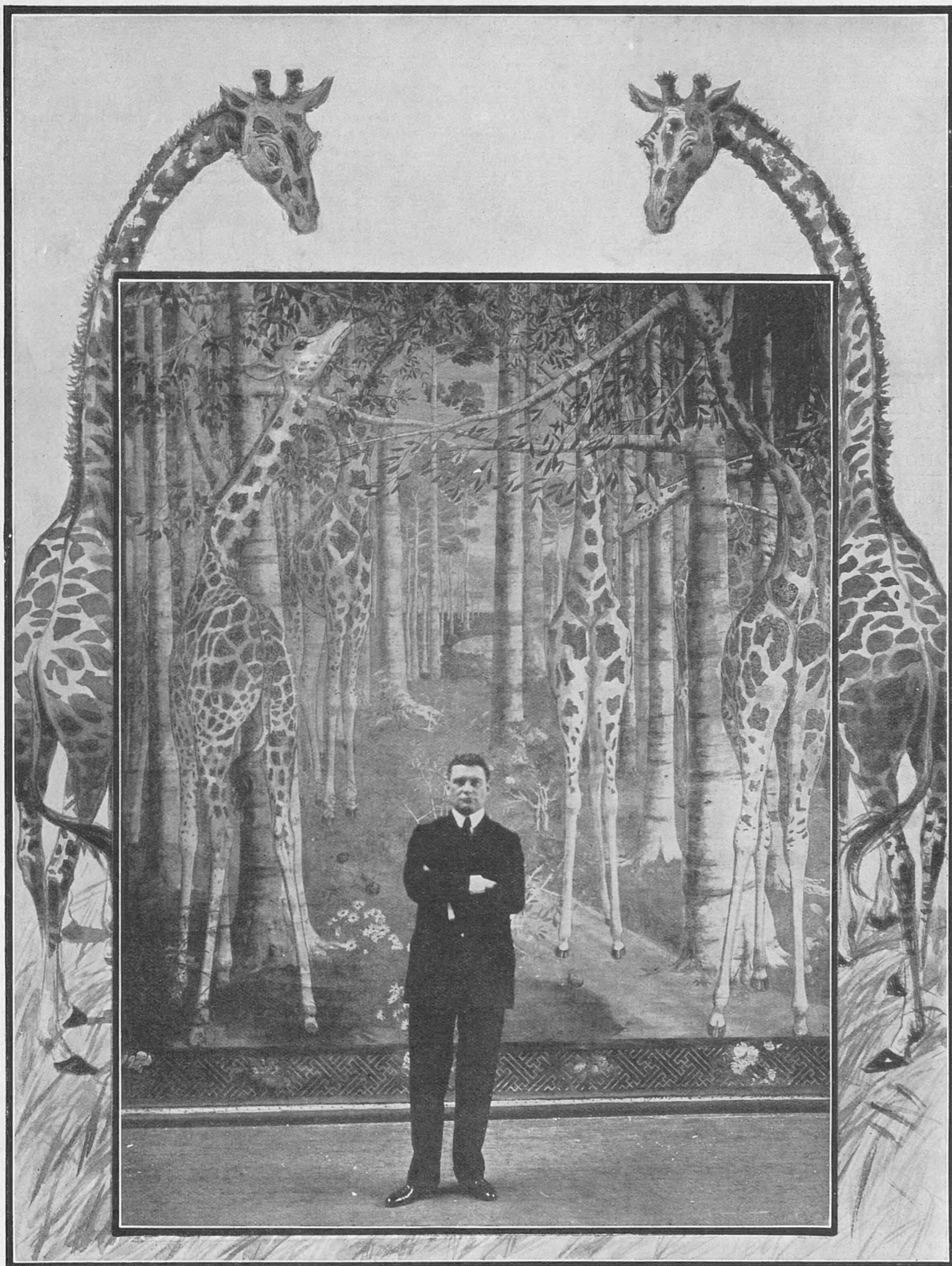
*Photograph by Topical.*



BLESSING A PEAL OF BELLS, SPRINKLING THEM WITH HOLY WATER, AND ANOINTING THEM: A PICTURESQUE CEREMONY AT BUCKFAST ABBEY. A peal of fourteen bells was blessed at Buckfast Abbey, the Devonshire home of the Benedictine monks of the congregation of Monte Cassino, the other day. Each bell was blessed in turn, sprinkled with holy water, and anointed with oil. The largest bell weighs one ton seven cwt.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



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WITH THE FAMOUS "GIRAFFE-PAINTING" WHICH HE HAS GIVEN TO HIS WIFE, MME. CAVALIERI: MR. ROBERT W. CHANLER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE FAMOUS SINGER TOOK PLACE TWO MONTHS AGO, AND A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK.

A report from New York the other day had it that Mme. Lina Cavallieri, the world-famous singer, who married Mr. Robert W. Chanler, grandson of Mr. John Jacob Astor, some two months ago, had just filed her ante-nuptial agreement with Mr. Chanler at the Register Office. This, it is said, states that Mr. Chanler has settled upon his beautiful wife three farms, near New York, of 350 acres in extent, about a dozen houses in New York, his rights in the estates of the late Mrs. Laura Delano, and a yearly sum of £4000, to be paid in quarterly instalments.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



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October 5, 1910.

Signature.....

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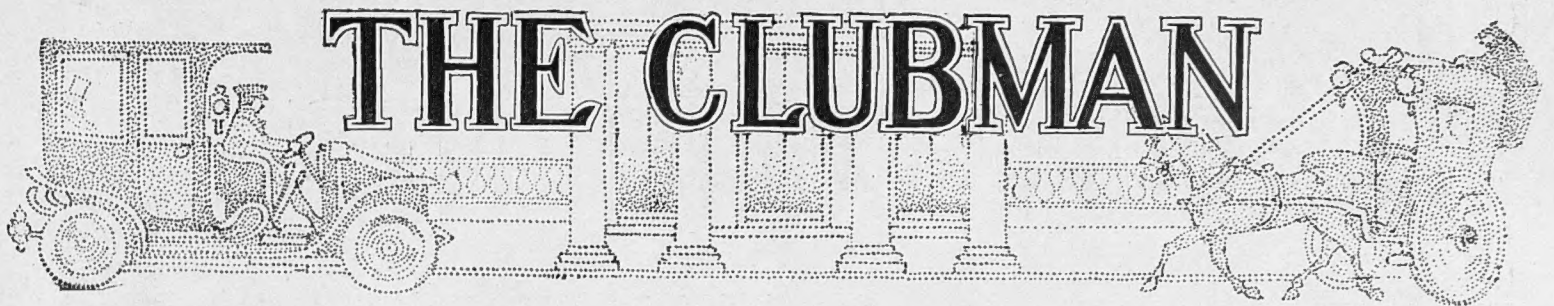
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**The British Breakfast.**

observers are now telling us what they think of our troops, our commanders, and our strategy. Colonel Gädke, a very competent and not unkindly German critic, thinks that the British soldier's habit of breakfasting comfortably has a great deal to do with the lateness of regiments and brigades in arriving on the scene of battle. Foreign troops do their marching-work with no further sustenance than a piece of bread, eaten as they march, and, if they are lucky, a cup of hot coffee. But British soldiers march and fight so much better when they have had a good morning meal that their commanders are prepared to take risks in order that they may start well fed on their day's work. Shakespeare noted the big meals of the British troops of his day. Hogarth recorded it in caricature. And the fondness of the British soldier for his breakfast is so well known to all foreign officers that it is noted in text-books that breakfast-time is the hour at which a surprise attack on British troops is most likely to succeed. Though Colonel Gädke is doubtless right, British troops would, I am afraid, never do good work if they habitually marched breakfastless, and the staying-power of our men, which all foreign observers comment upon with admiration, is to a great extent the result of good, square meals.

**Our Mistakes.**

Criticism is good corrective medicine, and I am sure that we are wise in allowing critics to watch our manœuvres and to tell us where we are wrong. But the general public is apt, in reading much caustic comment, to overlook the bright side there is to the shield. No doubt the transport of the Red Army did not march as model transport should do, and the great battle which was the finale of the manœuvres was a confused jostle of armed men; but we should remember, while hoping that plenty of future practice will put matters into better trim, that transport difficulties are greater in England than in European countries, and that our commanders during the manœuvres had not unlimited time given them to accept or refuse battle as they pleased, for the final engagement had to be fought before a certain date. Both in France and in Germany most of the country, except in forests and mountainous districts, consists of great plains, which give the commanders of marching columns wide spaces over which they can spread their regiments and rearrange them at will; and, again, a breakdown on the road does not of necessity check the march of the columns which are behind the wrecked wagons or guns. Any old soldier who has marched himself, and seen the march of many columns in many lands, knows that a General would not fix on the first days of his march as the time when he would like acute observers to take note of the march of the transport.

**Modern Battles.**

was not much farther than an arrow could be shot.

Attack and defence are not controlled now by one man, as in the days when gun-shot range can do is to launch his brigades in the correct direction. As the attack proceeds the responsibility, as an army spreads out, filters down from commanders of brigades to colonels of regiments, and then gradually to the non-commissioned officers in charge of sections of troops. The battles of to-day are more than ever the battles of the private soldier. Bullets are useful, if expensive, correctives of such matters as overlapping and advancing in masses over ground which gives no shelter, and therefore it seems to me that the mistakes of the manœuvres of 1910 are such that we should not grieve too seriously concerning them.

**The Bright Side.**

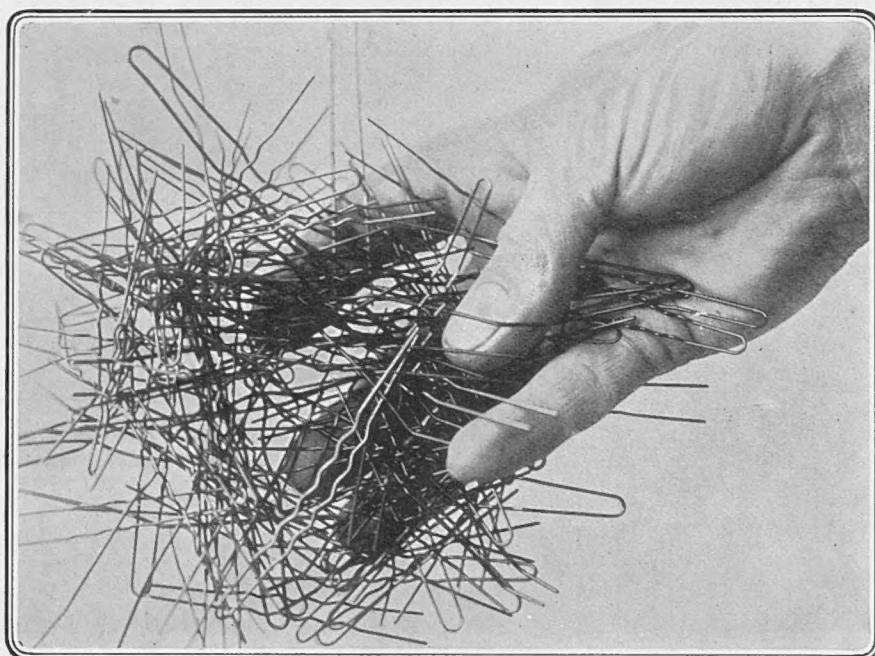
On one subject both our own critics and the foreign critics are fully in agreement, and that is in admiration for the rank-and-file, and for the regimental officers. The willingness and alertness of the men and the good condition in which they arrive in the firing-line after a long march have been favourably commented on by everybody, and for once the regimental officer gets his due share of the praise. At one time it was taken for granted that the ordinary regimental officer played cricket and polo too much, and neglected his work for his games. Now the military capacities of the captains and subalterns are considered to be on a par with those of Continental officers of the same ranks, and the British officer still continues to play his games and mix with his men on the cricket and football fields without any damage being done to his military efficiency. The Special Reservists (the ugly name by which the old Militia regiments are now known) and the Reservists who have rejoined the ranks have not been given the same meed of praise as the Regulars; but all that has been said against the Specials is that they are very young, and I have little doubt that the majority of the Reservists who came back to the colours for the manœuvres were men who were out of work, and who, poor fellows! were not in the best of training for a sudden burst of very hard marching.

**The Great Duke of Wellington's Opinion.**

When ever I hear the Militia severely criticised, I think of Arthur Wellesley inspecting the army he was to command when he landed in Portugal before the advance on the Douro. His comment on the men was that he saw in the ranks more knapsacks of Militiamen than of Regular troops, and for the Portuguese troops, and especially for their officers, he had no good word; yet this was the army with which, not many days afterwards, he fought the daring action of the crossing of the Douro, and concerning which, not much later, he wrote home that his only fear was that the successes of the army might make it lose its head.



**A CHANCE FOR THE WORKING CLERGY-MAN! A REMARKABLE LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS OUTSIDE A NEW YORK CHURCH.**  
The photograph shows a notice-board outside the Second Avenue Baptist Church. It will be noticed that it announces services in several languages.—[Photograph by W.G.P.]



**THE RESULT OF A FIFTY-YARD STROLL: 200 LOST OR STRAY HAIRPINS.**

A correspondent with a mathematical turn of mind has calculated that where women most do congregate—in the streets of London, for instance, outside drapery establishments—200 hairpins may be picked up on any fifty-yard stretch of pavement. To prove his statement he sends us this photograph, which, he informs us, shows a recent "bag" made in the West End under the conditions already noted. During a stay at Hastings lately in a time of stormy weather, he counted 254 hairpins in less than fifty yards.

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

WHATEVER you do, says a doctor, do not be sympathetic with a friend who says he is unwell, or you will only make him worse. Good. Now we know what to do with our enemies.

## THE PORTERS' CHORUS.

("Railway-porters, it seems, are deliberately damaging luggage sent in advance, because they get no tips for handling it." DAILY PAPER.)



Now, ye merry brigands, go it.  
Here's the "luggage in advance,"  
Let the blighted public know it:  
Get your own back; now's your chance.  
Bash 'em, smash 'em, fling 'em, sling 'em,  
Break 'em, rake 'em, bump 'em, thump 'em,  
Dash 'em, crash 'em, wring 'em, spring 'em,  
Shake 'em, stake 'em, dump 'em, lump 'em.  
Talk of fires and wrecks and battles  
Tipless porters' vicious spite  
Does more harm to goods and chattels  
Than a keg of dynamite!

The retiring Astronomer-Royal, Sir W. Christie, says that the weather of the year ending last May was the worst for sixty-five years. If anything could possibly make the Clerk of the Weather ashamed of himself, it would be the cold, judicial rebuke of a retiring Astronomer-Royal. The confusion of seasons has been enough to make any man retire.

Dr. Max Baff, who is a professor of something, somewhere in the U.S.A., says—"Women do not want to vote. They simply think they do. They are suffering from hysteria." Dr. Baff will be Dr. Biffed if the Suffragettes catch him.

Among the articles lost or forgotten in the Tube railways of London was an aquarium. So that was where the old shanty at Westminster disappeared to, was it?

"Golf is fortunate in possessing a language of its own which is rich in terms and phrases admirably fitted to the objects which they are intended to describe," says an authority on the game. Anyone who has heard an elderly gentleman expressing his opinion of a club which he has just smashed in attempting to drive off the tee will admit the sublime truth of this remark.

The Pauper Parrot of Maidenhead has been put up for auction by the Guardians. This seems a good deal simpler than giving it an old age pension.

A short time ago we had a plague of flies in East Anglia. Now a plague of whales is reported off Newfoundland. Really, with all these insects about, the world

is getting no place for a baldheaded man.

Happily, autumn has come at last, and Baldur the Sun God (see the latest musical

work) seems to have a bit of a kick left in him still.



## TO FIT THE CRIME.

If I could catch the poet  
Who sang in nauseous  
phrase  
Of dreary, dripping summer,  
Her damp and dolorous  
days,  
And stopped o'er her vagaries  
His sycophantic praise—

I'd prise his jaws asunder,  
And cram them with the vane,  
The sunless sunshine-records  
Left lamentably plain,  
And both the gruesome gauges  
That measure wind and rain.

From America. "To the question, Who is our foremost man of letters to-day? the answer, by every reasonable modern test, is, A certain African hunter." Can it be that this cryptic announcement conceals another appreciation of our own little modest Theodore?

Reports from aerodromes show that rooks are much frightened at aeroplanes. So, even if the War Office does not like them interfering at manoeuvres, they may still be useful to agriculture as itinerant scarecrows.

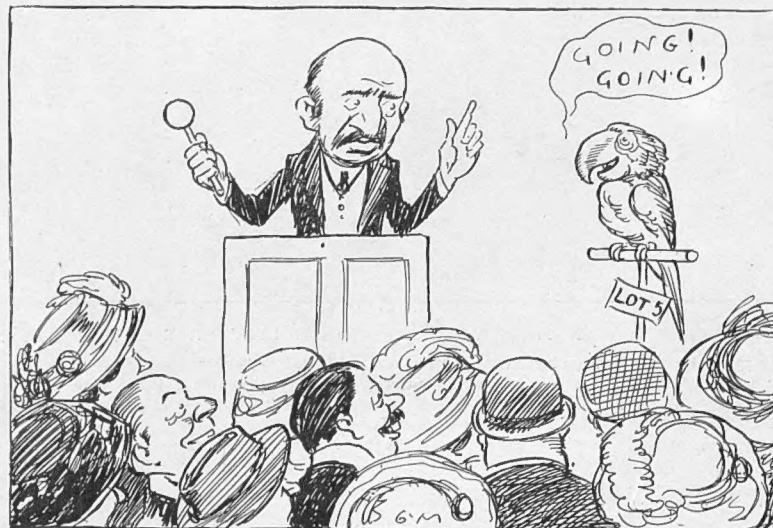


The latest fish story: A conger, weighing 16½ lb., has been caught off Dungeness, and upon opening it a whole fresh herring, wrapped in a German newspaper, was found. First prize.

Of the Australian girl we are told that, busy at work and busy at play, now a bee and now a butterfly on gauzy wings, she floats across your path with a frank charm that is all her own. That is all very well in a sparsely inhabited country like Australia, but in England this sort of aviation in the drawing-room would surely have its drawbacks.

"The time has arrived when it is not possible to believe implicitly in anything or anybody. I am gradually losing all faith in mankind," says Mr. J. Earle Raven, the Eastbourne Revising Barrister. What King David said in his haste, Mr. Raven says at his leisure, but not quite so crisply.

Magistrate Robert Cornell, of New York, says that the mother-in-law is sometimes an excuse, but never a reason, for divorce. This is very plucky of Robert, but he has not got near Sir James Crichton-Browne and the fried fish.



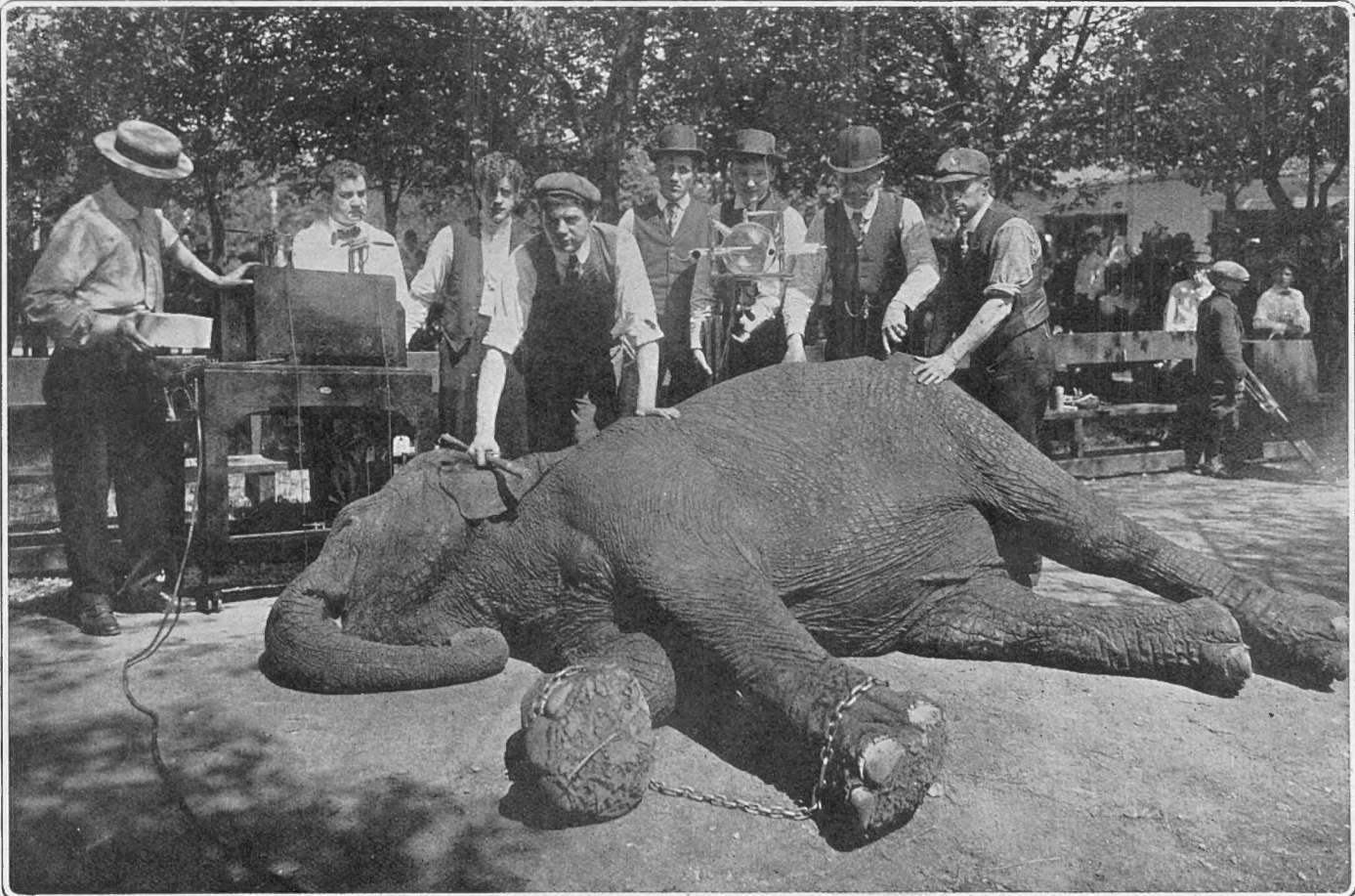


OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A PONY IN A DRAWING-ROOM: A FAVOURITE SHETLAND PAYS A VISIT TO MR. WALTER WINANS.

That famous horse-lover and crack revolver-shot, Mr. Walter Winans, here shown with a favourite Shetland pony in the Red Drawing-Room at Surrenden Park, is sending a number of his best horses to New York to compete at the Great International Horse Show in Madison Square Gardens. Curiously enough, although Mr. Winans is an American citizen, he has never visited the United States.—[Photograph by M. Dixon and Co.]



LOOKING INTO AN ELEPHANT TO FIND A DIAMOND RING: X-RAYING THE GREAT BEAST IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO LOCATE THE VALUABLE.

The elephant, taking sugar from the hand of an admirer, accidentally took also a 450-dollar diamond ring and swallowed it. The valuable was eventually located in the elephant by means of the X-rays. The great beast's hide was marked off into sections, and the photographic plates used were numbered to correspond. The ring was recovered.—[Photograph by J. R. Schmidt.]



# SMALL TALK

THE Empress Eugénie, albeit in retirement in deeply private life, and with only a secretary and one lady-in-waiting for her Court, does keep an inviolable state, and permits ease, which is never allowed to be freedom, amongst her friends. It is not long since a lady, whom we may call Lady — (for she really does dash), arrived at the Empress's tea-table fresh from a long bicycle ride, and with her hair the worse for the wind. A fellow-guest, also awaiting the august hostess's entrance, remonstrated: "What will the Empress think?" But Lady Dash, whom, in fact, the Empress likes exceedingly, ran her fingers through wild locks, and said: "It doesn't matter a bit; she won't mind." But when the beautiful, aged lady appeared she found fault, with imperial frankness: "Madame, you are décoiffée." Lady Dash apologised. "Madame, you are décoiffée," repeated the Empress. "Allow yourself to be conducted to a dressing-room, where a maid will provide you with curling-tongs." A graceful but irresistible motion of the hand settled the matter.

may very well be one of quills as well as of affections, for both are writers of high repute. The author of "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square," herself named by her friends "the lonely lady of Chester Square," is lonely no longer, though she probably will not follow Sir Hugh out to Ceylon for another three months.



MISS EVA STOBART AND MR. GERALD KEITH, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (5TH).

Miss Stobart is the eldest daughter of Mrs. H. Piers-Dyer, of 16, Campden House Road, and granddaughter of the late William Stobart, of Pepper Arden, Northallerton, Yorks. Mr. Keith is of 100, Inverness Terrace.—[Photographs by Ellis and Walery.]

*Long Acres.* Rood Ashton House is not, fortunately, included in the sale of the Long estates in Wiltshire. Let at the moment to an American, it will, with about five thousand acres, be kept in Mr. Long's hands, so that the country will still know "the pleasant presence of Walter Long," to quote Dizzy's phrase for a quality that has been handed down from father to son. Mr. Bouchier, by the way, should remember to nod, beard and all, and cry "I spy"

when Mr. Walter Long is discovered in a stall at His Majesty's. One of the late Irish Secretary's ancestors was Master of Henry's Buckhounds, and a Hal so real and ready as Mr. Bouchier's should recognise the Long look in any crowd.



TO MARRY MR. H. B. IMBERT-TERRY, R.F.A., TO-DAY (5TH): MISS DOROTHY FLINT.

Miss Flint is the only daughter of Colonel E. M. Flint, late Royal Artillery, of The Moat, Ipswich. Mr. Imbert-Terry is the eldest son of Mr. H. M. Imbert-Terry, of Strete Raleigh, Devon.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

*Royal Chairs.* This majestic Empress, it is remembered, always had the use and habit of dignity and command, even though she might not have entirely mastered the security, the matter-of-course of those born to the purple. One who saw her and Queen Victoria together at a State dinner in long by-gone times avers that there was one difference in the bearing of the Queen and Empress. Both were standing for a moment, and both seated themselves at the same

time; and the Empress looked round to see that her chair was there.

*Pastures New.* They met at Barmouth, whither he had gone to take his daughter to the sea, and she hers. This was the simple prelude to the rather romantic wedding of Sir Hugh Clifford and Mrs. de la Pasture, which took even their intimates by surprise. Sir Hugh, though now Colonial Secretary of Ceylon, has lived in Malay, sharing the life of the natives in many particulars; and the fuss of a civilised marriage was far from his favour. So he got married as quickly as possible, the wedding taking place the day after his engagement was first "Posted." And he got out of sight and down into the deeps, the wedding being celebrated in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral, which some said was a cryptic procedure. Sir Hugh is a widower, and his bride a widow; both are in their forties, and the marriage



TO MARRY MR. GUY MORETON ELLISON TO-MORROW (6TH): MISS EVELYN CONSTANCE GARFIT.

Miss Garfit is the eldest daughter of Mr. B. Clayton Garfit, of Dalby Hall, Spilsby, Lincolnshire. Mr. Guy Moreton Ellison is son of the Rev. Charles Ellison, of Bracebridge, Lincoln.—[Photo. by Lafayette.]

*The Frasers are Coming!* The bridegroom's kilts and the large following of Frasers in the Oratory on Oct. 15 will bring to the Londoner an unwonted sense of Highland clannishness. Quoted in Lady Dorothy Nevill's first book is an interesting account by an English traveller of Lovatism in 1746. It was Lord Lovat's wont to have his pedigree, "which reached almost to Noah, proclaimed by a herald before dinner. This showed every man present to be a cadet of his family, whilst after dinner he drank to all his cousins by name, each of them, in return, pledging him—the better sort in French claret, the lowest class in husky (whisky)." But there are occasions when only champagne suffices.



TO MARRY MR. WALTER S. MEDLICOTT TO-DAY (5TH): MISS LAVENDER MARY PEASE.

Miss Pease is the only daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Pease, of Pinchinthorpe, Guisborough, Yorkshire. Mr. Walter Sandfield Medlicott is the eldest surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Medlicott, of Sandfield, Potterne, Wilts.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

*A Sheffield Sale.* Lord Sheffield, who tells the tenants on his Hoylake estate that he is willing to consider proposals either for renewal of leases or sale of freeholds, is a Liberal peer whose past is obscured for persons of brief memory by his abandonment of the use of the title of Lord Stanley of Alderley. On the death of the late Earl Sheffield, he inherited, not the Earldom, but the Barony of Sheffield. An uncle of Mrs. Winston Churchill, he is a brother of Lady Carlisle, of the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, a follower of Mahomet, and of a Roman Catholic prelate who may at this moment be met in Piccadilly, but who generally resides in Rome.



MRS. GEOFFREY A. UPCOTT GILL (FORMERLY MISS CONSTANCE BIRT) AND MR. GEOFFREY A. UPCOTT GILL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Mrs. Upcott Gill is the only daughter of Sir William and Lady Birt, of Hatfield, Herts. Mr. Geoffrey Upcott Gill, F.R.C.S., of Hatfield, is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Upcott Gill, of Brampton, Huntingdon, and 53, Greencroft Gardens, Hampstead.

Photographs by Swaine and Kate Pragnell.



## THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT: THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS GOLF CLUB.

WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE CLUB, OFFICIALS, AND SCENES.



1. MR. EDWARD B. H. BLACKWELL, TWICE WINNER OF THE KING WILLIAM IV. MEDAL, AND THE CLUB GOLD MEDAL.
2. MR. W. HERBERT FOWLER, ONCE WINNER OF THE SECOND MEDAL, ROYAL AND ANCIENT, AND ONCE WINNER OF THE JUBILEE VASE.
3. THE HON. DENYS SCOTT, WINNER OF THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF ITALY IN 1905 AND 1906, AND OF SCRATCH PRIZES AT WESTWARD HO.
4. MR. A. C. M. CROOME, FOUNDER, WITH OTHERS, OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLFING SOCIETY.

5. MR. LESLIE M. BALFOUR MELVILLE, WINNER OF 31 MEDALS OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB, INCLUDING THE KING WILLIAM IV. MEDAL, ETC., AND AMATEUR CHAMPION, 1895.
6. MR. ROBERT MAXWELL, AMATEUR CHAMPION IN 1903 AND 1909, FOURTH IN THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1902.
7. MR. W. E. FAIRLIE, WHO HAS JUST WON THE KING WILLIAM IV. MEDAL AT ST. ANDREWS.
8. MEDAL DAY AT ST. ANDREWS: CADDIES SCRAMBLING FOR THE BALL AFTER THE CAPTAIN'S DRIVE.

9. MR. S. MURE FERGUSSON, WHO HAS JUST PLAYED HIMSELF INTO THE CAPTAINCY OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT.
10. TIMEKEEPER GREIG, OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT.
11. SERGEANT-MAJOR MCKEE FIRING THE GUN AFTER THE FIRST BALL IS DRIVEN FROM THE TEE ON MEDAL DAY.
12. ROBB, THE ATTENDANT AT THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB.

On Wednesday of last week it was Medal Day at St. Andrews; the ceremony of firing the gun on the foreshore was duly performed, and Mr. S. Mure Fergusson, Captain-Elect of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, played himself into office by driving a ball, thus winning the medal presented by Queen Adelaide. The King William IV. medal was won by Mr. W. E. Fairlie, who went round in 74, thus equalling the club medal record made by Mr. N. F. Hunter six years ago, and Mr. V. A. Pollock three years ago. The professional stroke play record is 71, made by George Duncan and Willie Smith. Mr. Edward Blackwell won the Gold Medal.

From Drawings by Max Cowper and Photographs by Sport and General.



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

SO many trenchant stories have been told of the change of entourage likely to be effected by the new King, it will not be wonderful if the lists of his guests during the first year of his reign are scanned with something more than the common curiosity. The particular sort of clean sweep which the new broom was to make is not, needless to say, at all apparent. The King has his own friends, the men of his own generation; but that he does not intend to shut the door on his father's favourites may be seen from the make-up of



TO MARRY MARY LADY INVERCLYDE: GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER.

General Sir Archibald Hunter, whose engagement to Mary Lady Inverclyde is announced, is a most distinguished soldier, and was in command of the Western District, India, until his appointment as Governor of Gibraltar. He received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his services in Egypt.

*Photograph by Bassano*

was on Sept. 25, 1879, that his father left England for a journey lasting about two years. Among many interesting entries in the diary are those made in a Jamaican port, and during the last hour of the voyage. The first runs: "The cocks have been crowing all night, and the negroes have been hymn-singing just as

one single royal house-party, when the Marquis de Soveral once more sat down to meat at Balmoral with Lord Farquhar and Lord Revelstoke. Lord and Lady Nunburnholme, reviving Tranby Croft associations, were also there, as also was Sir Charles Mathews, long a favourite with the late King.

## Seagoing Princes.

is to take his place on a man-of-war and see the fleet in being, will peruse with interest the diary of the King's voyage as a boy of fourteen on the *Bacchante*. It



LORD MAYOR ELECT OF LONDON FOR CORONATION YEAR: SIR T. VEZEY STRONG.

Sir T. Vezey Strong, the Lord Mayor elect of London, is, although a host who denies nothing to his guests, a strong temperance man, and is chairman of the London Temperance Hospital, also of H.M.'s Prison, Holloway. He is a member of the firm of Strong and Hanbury, Upper Thames Street. He is only fifty-three.

*Photograph by Curtoise*

The Prince of Wales, since he

Gordon-Lennox all love Dunrobin, and this year enjoyed in September the weather that was due in July. The Duke, though very well in general health, has not yet wholly recovered his

persistently at a wake which has been held at a hut close by"; the second: "The sight of the Devon cornfields, grass-lawns, and woods sloping down to the sea makes every heart beat more quickly."

## At Dunrobin.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, after their princely entertainings at Stafford House, are never happier than when they get round them at Dunrobin a little party all, or nearly all, of the family. Lord Stafford has had his holiday there, and Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower has made a pause in her art-studies at Dresden — looking, as she is constantly told, like a very fresh bit of Dresden china herself. Miss Florence Chaplin, Lady Maud Warrender, and Miss Ivy



TO QUEEN IT FOR A YEAR AT THE MANSION HOUSE: LADY STRONG.

Lady Strong, who is to queen it for a year at the Mansion House — and a Coronation year at that — is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Hartnoll, of Potter's Bar. She has been married for ten years, and brings to her civic hospitable duties a genial manner and a great fund of real kindness.

*Photograph by Curtoise.*

of their owners, unoccupied. The daughter of the house cannot feel lost in the immense gardens; for there grow rosemaries, and there they grew two hundred years ago, when the gardener's inventory, still preserved, included also "all kinds of froots, herbs, and floors, and abundance of good saphron and tobacco."



ENGAGED TO GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER, GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR: MARY LADY INVERCLYDE.

Mary Lady Inverclyde is the widow of the second Lord Inverclyde, and the daughter of Mr. Hickson Fergusson, of The Knowe, Ayrshire. She is very wealthy, for the late Lord Inverclyde left her most of his money, the title and an adequate income going to his only brother, who succeeded him.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



A HUNDRED - AND - SEVENTEEN - YEAR - OLD DRESS WHICH IS STILL AS GOOD AS NEW: THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA-ANNUNZIATA OF AUSTRIA CLAD IN THE ACTUAL COSTUME WORN BY HER GRANDMOTHER IN 1792. One of the most interesting costumes ever worn by a lady at a fancy-dress ball was donned recently by the Archduchess Maria-Annunziata of Austria, who appeared at the first imperial dance of the season wearing a costume that was actually worn by her grandmother in 1792 — [Photograph by E.N.A.]



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF 'THE EARL OF ROSSLYN': LADY ROSABELLE ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE.

Lady Rosabelle St. Clair-Erskine is the only daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn. She will be a debutante of next season, and will most probably be chaperoned by her kinswoman, the Marchioness of Ripon. Lady Rosabelle is a niece of the Duchess of Sutherland.

*Photograph by Rita Martin*



LITTLE BEARERS OF GREAT NAMES.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. THE LADIES ALICE AND MARY SCOTT, DAUGHTERS OF THE EARL OF DALKEITH. | 2. THE PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND HELENA OF TECK, DAUGHTERS OF THE DUKE OF TECK.    |
| 3. PRINCE LUITPOLD OF BAVARIA, SON OF PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA.     | 4. MISS GWENDOLINE EVANS, DAUGHTER OF MR. JUSTICE EVANS.                         |
| 6. MISS PLOWDEN, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE SIR TREVOR CHICHELE-PLOWDEN.     | 7. MISS DE COURCY HAMILTON, DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL JAMES DE COURCY HAMILTON, M.V.O. |
|  | 8. LADY CONSTANCE ANNESLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL ANNESLEY.                  |

*Photographs by Lafayette, Speaight, E.N.A., and Bassano.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## A New Romantic Drama.

In reading a notice on "D'Arcy of the Guards" I found this phrase: "Evidently delighted the whole of its audience, save for a few who 'booed' for the sake of 'booing.'" The vexed question, "to boo or not to boo," I leave alone; but, so long as to "boo" is not taboo, it seems rash to question the good faith of those who have no effective way of expressing unfavourable opinions save by "booing" or "hissing," and the attack invites a reply. Of course I did not "boo" by noise of mouth: my booing is done with pen and ink, or, to be more truthful, with pencil and paper. Yet I assert confidently that some of the "boos" "booed" because they did not like the play, and thought it much below the standard of the St. James's Theatre under Mr. George Alexander's management. He has set a high standard, and must, and no doubt does, expect to be judged by it; and Mr. L. E. Shipman's romantic comedy, a harmless, inoffensive piece, falls far short of the standard. Indeed, the critic of the "boos" says that "it is too commonplace in diction to rely safely upon its dialogue"; and talks of "familiar motives," "obvious situations," "a stagey little misunderstanding," and prophesies "a popular if unambitious success." Of course, he also has amiable things to say about it; nevertheless, such admissions go far towards showing that the "boos" may have acted in good faith. The whole affair, in fact, is quite unimportant, except so far as the particular theatre is concerned.

We have had plenty of these romantic comedies, some of them clever in construction, witty in dialogue, and ingenious in invention; others "commonplace in diction," with "familiar motives," "obvious situations," and "stagey little misunderstandings"; and whilst the good ones are acceptable, the bad are rather trying to all save very unsophisticated playgoers. To this day the telegraphic address of the theatre is "Ruritania"; but, unfortunately, Mr. Shipman is not an Edward Rose or Anthony Hope. In fact, the piece is of an unambitious character, and therefore would only be welcome if admirable in execution.

**The Acting.** It was rather a pity that Mr. George Alexander burdened himself with a brogue—which sometimes deserted him—for it was a needless handicap in playing a not very effective part. However, he acted with spirit and energy, and delighted his admirers. Miss D'Alroy looked charming as the "rebel," and wore very becoming frocks. She played the part in the correct style, and won a great deal of applause. Quite excellent work was done by Mr. J. H. Barnes, and Messrs. Ewart, Royston, and Lister. Miss Margery Maude, who reminded one strongly of her mother when she was Miss

Winifred Emery and not Mrs. Cyril Maude, played prettily in a part that was far too brief.

## Another Romantic.

Miss Millard made a big change of policy when replacing "The Crisis" by "Young Fernald," the rather unwholesome, mechanical French comedy by an American farce that might well be praised in the terms applied by advertisers to "cocoa," except, perhaps, that one would not call the new work "stimulating." No, stimulating is not a correct adjective for this rather merry mixture of fun and sentiment. Probably "Young Fernald" is the best of the imported works of this strange season, and it is not unlikely to carry Miss Millard through the rest of her term. Messrs. Dix and Sutherland—or is it Miss Dix and Miss Sutherland?—are writers with a real sense of the theatre, if not much of character, and their story of the combat between the misogynist and the lady secretary, whom he engaged in the belief that he was getting a man, has some good points, even if the padding at times is rather clumsy—and there is a good deal of padding in the four short acts. Moreover, the extravagant fun connected with the amorous bride, very cleverly represented by Miss Mary Jerrold, was quite telling, though a little moderating would do no harm. Miss Millard represented the heroine—thank goodness, there was no truth in the awful rumour that she was to play the part in man's costume!—and was quite at her best, acting with some suggestion of humour, much firmness, and with agreeable avoidance of coquettishness. Mr. Norman McKinnel, as usual, played a strong-man part, and, as usual, played it very well. Messrs. Nigel Playfair and Robert Horton were amusing in small parts.



TO GIVE LONDON A NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE: MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN.

Mr. Hammerstein, the Director of the Manhattan Opera House, New York, has secured land on Kingsway, between Kemble and Keeley Streets, and is to have built on it a house for grand opera, which will seat three thousand persons. He proposes to call it the London Opera House, and he will present works of the French, German, and Italian schools. It is said that he has already made contracts for the new house with a number of famous singers.—[Photograph by Mishkin Studio.]

## "The Bishop's Son."

In his new play at the Garrick, Mr. Hall Caine returns to his earlier manner, the pure Isle of Man manner. The play is an adaptation of parts of "The Deemster"—not, it is to be understood, the same parts as were adapted in "Ben-My-Chree" many, many years ago; but we meet again our old friends Bishop Mylrea and Deemster Mylrea and Dan and Mona, and they all speak in that imitation of the language of the Bible which has long been associated with the Isle of Man by those who have never visited the island. Dan in this case kills his cousin, Mona's brother, and is banished from the sight of men by the Bishop's curse, only to return when a dying Irish priest, wrecked on the shore, has entrusted him with the remedy for the plague which is devastating the land; and if you can believe in the strange things which happen, you will enjoy the play; if not, you will not. Everybody is intensely in earnest, and the thing must be approached with the faith of the true believer in Mr. Hall Caine: with the slightest tendency to incredulity, all is lost, and those who like their melodrama hot and strong will have to be content with a vigorous struggle between Dan and his cousin, which is all over in the first act. But Mr. Bransby Williams certainly tackles the problem in the proper spirit—there are no half-measures with him; and Mr. Beveridge and Mr. Ernest Leicester give him excellent support. Miss Elaine Inescort, who plays Mona, is an actress made for better things.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS PRIMA-DONNA, MME. EMMA NEVADA: MISS MIGNON NEVADA, WHO IS APPEARING AT COVENT GARDEN DURING THE THOMAS BEECHAM GRAND OPERA SEASON.

Miss Nevada, a coloratura soprano, is playing Ophelia in "Hamlet," and will be heard also in such rôles as the Doll in "The Tales of Hoffmann," Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," and Gilda in "Rigoletto."

Photograph by Reudlinger.



THE A-TISH-OO TOWER: MAKES YOU SNEEZE TO LOOK AT IT!



MADE UP OF 120,000 HANDKERCHIEFS: A REMARKABLE "EIFFEL TOWER."

This model of the Eiffel Tower, just the thing for a winter exhibition, is made up, as we have already noted, of 120,000 handkerchiefs.  
It has place in a Berlin warehouse.





Mlle. Cléo de Mérode.

FOR some years, three beauties have ruled over the Parisian world of gaiety. Not the least noteworthy of them is Mlle. Cléo de Mérode, who was, until a comparatively few hours ago, one of the stars in the Hippodrome programme. Mlle. de Mérode first came into notice in the corps-de-ballet of the Grand Opéra, in Paris.

In reality, her enthusiasm for dancing began when she was a mite of seven. Like most children, she loved dancing for itself, and, as with that great Russian dancer Pavlova, whom she resembles in the slowness of her physique and in the delicate grace of her limbs, it was seeing and knowing a little girl who was one of the pupils of the ballet of the Opera House that incited her to become a dancer. Her parents, whose family had never been associated with the stage in any form, did not share her enthusiasm for the ballet. Still, they realised that the exercise and gymnastic training would be an admirable method of developing her little body.

She was therefore entered in the ballet school, where she spent several years, in learning the technique of her art. When she was sufficiently proficient, she was drafted into the ballet, and night after night she took her accustomed place in the second row, dreaming, no doubt, of the days when she would emerge through the front row into the envied rank of the premières danseuses.

Even in the ballet, which is the magnet that attracts beauty of every type, it was impossible for her fresh and unusual charm not to excite more than ordinary notice. In time the attractiveness of the girl in the second row began to be talked about: the photographers asked for sittings, and in a little while her pictures were selling more rapidly than those of anyone else; while her large, sad, almost solemn eyes, which might more appropriately have been set in the face of a nun, were talked about, written about, raved about.

Then that celebrated painter Falguière introduced her into one of his canvases as "La Danseuse," and "the little Cinderella of the Paris Opera corps-de-ballet," as a writer once called her, became the rage, even as did the real Cinderella of the legend when she was decked out in all her finery and danced with twinkling feet, in glass shoes, in the Palace of the Prince.

Later, New York, which hungers amazingly for every celebrity, decided that it could live no longer without seeing La Mérode. Messrs. Koster and Biall, at that time the chief managers of the world of variety theatres, approached her, as other managers had approached her before, and offered her an engagement to cross the Atlantic. She went to the management of the Opera, to which she was under contract, and asked permission to accept these offers.

As in her own particular line she had become one of the attractions of the house, the management naturally demurred. One difficulty after another was put before her, but at length, realising the truth of the famous proverb that "When a woman says she will, she will, you may depend upon it," the day came when it was apparent that further opposition was useless, for the Gordian knot can always be cut if it cannot be untied, and the young dancer left the opera and sailed across the seas to the New World.

Her arrival in New York created quite a furore. The papers devoted unnumbered columns to her, and one of them even went so far as to print across two whole pages a representation of the shapely limbs which carry her so delicately through the fantastic dances in which, perhaps more than in any others, she may be said to excel.

That, like the other two beauties with whom her name has been coupled, and to whom reference was made above, Mlle. de Mérode has wonderful jewels, is a fact which all the world has been told, although it cannot have failed to be noticed that she wears comparatively few of them on the stage.

Perhaps, however, the fact with which the public is more widely acquainted is the sensational story of the way in which Mlle. de Mérode wears her hair. This, it need hardly be said, is combed close to her face, and carried to the back of her neck so as

completely to hide her ears. One day an enterprising individual announced that the reason for this abnormal coiffure was not because it was ideally becoming to the oval face with the demure expression and the sad eyes, but because Mlle. de Mérode had no ears! The grotesquely humorous idea caught on like wildfire. It ran from mouth to mouth, until, naturally, the informing journalist heard it. Straightway, it was written in a hundred papers, telegraphed to a thousand, and, in the flash of a moment, such was the popularity of the beautiful danseuse, it was cabled to every part of the world. For a day people talked of the



THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF A GREAT PICTURE SHOWN ALIVE AMIDST "PROPS" AND CANVAS: A REMARKABLE TABLEAU VIVANT FROM "THE FOLLIES OF 1910" AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

The chief figure is represented by an actress. The rest of the picture is shown by means of stage "props" and painted scenery. Photograph by White.

young dancer's misfortune. Next day, their commiseration turned to laughter when they read that Mlle. de Mérode was as happily endowed with ears as the most fortunate of humanity—more happily endowed, indeed, for they were as beautiful and as delicately chiselled as the rest of her beautiful body. She had proved the fact in the most positive way. She did not summon the hosts of journalists, who would have been only too glad to have availed themselves of the privilege of meeting her in order that she might deny the imputation in an interview. Instead, for a day she merely raised the bandeau so that her ears were in full view, and took her ordinary walks and drives as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The way in which Mlle. de Mérode came to adopt her individual style of hairdressing was very simple. It was by a process of evolution. When she was a child, her parents had her hair cut in a straight fringe across her forehead. For years she wore it in that way. Then, as she grew to girlhood, she parted the fringe in the middle and combed it on each side. The ends grew long at the side, and when the day came for turning up her hair she turned it up as it was. The long strands covered her ears, and, noticing that it became her, she elected, like a wise girl, to wear her hair in that distinctive manner rather than that fall in with the prevailing fashion.

And that is the true story of how Mlle. de Mérode came to lose her ears, and, incidentally, to set a fashion in hairdressing which for a time had a world-wide vogue.

# *Caddies !*



I.—THE INSTRUCTOR.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



# MY FIRST APPEARANCE

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

IT was in a burlesque of Sir Henry Irving's production of "Faust," which was running at Toole's Theatre at the time, that I made my first appearance on the stage. It was a most unexpected début, and my part, or rather my parts, were quite insignificant. In the first act I was a girl in the market-place, and in the second, which was supposed to represent the Brocken, and really was the Crystal Palace, I was a masher.

Few first appearances were ever, I suppose, made more suddenly, with less preparation, or less time between the engagement and the actual performance, than mine. I was a girl in my early 'teens at the time, and was living with Miss Ellen Terry. She was a friend of my mother's, and when she invited me to go and stay with her she told me quite frankly that she would not help me to go on the stage, though she knew that with the use of her name I could have got an appearance almost anywhere. She wished me to see what I could do for myself. I used therefore to haunt the offices of the dramatic agents from ten till four every day, always hoping that someone would engage me, though nobody ever did. One day Mr. Toole went to see Miss Terry. I happened to be in, and she introduced me to him, and in the course of conversation said—"This child wants to go on the stage, and if ever you get the chance you might give her something."

Living with Miss Terry, I used often to go with her to the Lyceum. In this way I got to know Mr. Harry Loveday, who was Sir Henry Irving's stage-manager, and through him I met his brother, Mr. George Loveday, who occupied the corresponding position with Mr. Toole. I had told Mr. George Loveday that I wanted to go on the stage, and one morning, quite unexpectedly, Miss Terry got a letter from him saying that if I was still staying with her and wanted to go on the stage, I might get the chance if I was at the theatre at half past ten. As I had been trying to get an engagement for six months, I was not late for the appointment. When I saw Mr. Loveday he asked me whether I still wanted to go on. I told him I was dying to. "Well," he said, "can you go on to-night?" "Yes, of course I can," I replied. "Well," he said, "it will depend on whether you can wear Miss La Capilaine's dress. She has got an engagement at the Gaiety, and if her things can be made to fit you (for she is bigger than you), you shall come on." He called the housekeeper, and sent me up with her into the dressing-room. I put on the clothes, and, by putting a stitch in here and a pin somewhere else, we got them to fit sufficiently well; so that when I went down to show myself to Mr. Loveday he nodded and said I would do. "Be here at four o'clock," he said, "to go through the parts with the stage-manager," and he gave me a couple of sheets, bound in brown paper, which represented the long-hoped-for parts. Before I got home, I knew the few lines of the choruses of the songs I had to sing.

When I reached home, I was, of course, off my head with excitement. Miss Terry took me down with her to the Lyceum that night, and as the burlesque did not begin until ten o'clock, she made me up herself in her dressing-room and pinned two of her own "pig-tails" on to my hair for my first part. I remember I was frightfully proud of wearing Miss Terry's "pig-tails," for she had worn them herself as Marguerite, and, so that I might not lose them, I not only pinned them to the cap which covered my own hair, but fastened them to my belt as well. I was sent to Toole's

Theatre in Miss Terry's own carriage, which had to wait for me to take me straight back to her after the performance was over. In the second act, as I have said, I was a masher, and, as far as I remember, most of the part consisted of singing, with five other girls, "We are six mashers, tra, la, la!" I probably did not make much of that chorus that evening. Before I went down to the theatre, however, a most important matter had to be decided—my stage name. We called out all sorts of names, and Miss Edith Craig—Miss Terry's daughter—wrote down thirty or forty of those we liked best. Eventually we chose "Violet Vanbrugh," though what made me do so I can't tell. "Vanbrugh" had somehow always been more or less familiar, and I fancy that it was borne by some distant connections of my father's family.

When I went down to the theatre, I dressed in a room with the other chorus-girls. Naturally, they asked me my name, and I told them the one I had adopted. It was so strange, however, that when I heard anyone say "Miss Vanbrugh" I did not recognise it as my own, with the result that after a time they actually asked point-blank, "Miss Vanbrugh, are you deaf?" I played my two little parts until the end of the run, and, to my great regret, Mr. Toole did not want me the next season. I accordingly went to Miss Sarah Thorne, who took me on a sort of apprenticeship for three years. I had only been with her about a year, and was beginning to play good parts, when one day at Maidstone I got a telegram forwarded from Miss Terry. Mr. Toole had wired to ask her where I was, and whether I was willing to rehearse on approval, on the following Saturday at Newcastle, a part in a play by Mr. Herman Merivale. I took the telegram to Miss Thorne, and she considered the matter. My own individual feeling was strongly against going, for I was very happy where I was, and Miss Thorne would have been put to a good deal of inconvenience by my leaving, so I telegraphed to Miss Terry and told her I wanted to stay with Miss Thorne. Miss Terry, however, wrote to Miss Thorne pointing out the great advantage it would be to me, as, if Mr. Toole and Mr. Merivale liked me in the part, it would mean an immediate London appearance.

Before that letter arrived, however, Miss Thorne, with her invariable consideration for others, had sent for me and told me that she thought I ought to accept the offer, even though it inconvenienced her, and at some future time I could go back to her—a course which, as a matter of fact, I adopted every summer for five years. I accordingly wired to Mr. Toole that I would be there on the appointed day. All these discussions and decisions took place one Thursday at Maidstone where we were acting. On the Friday morning, at half-past six, I left for Newcastle, where I arrived in the evening. The part had been sent on to me, so I knew something about it the next morning. After the rehearsal was over Mr. Merivale said that physically I was the sort of girl he wanted, and he would teach me how to play the part, which was that of Lady Anne Babbacombe, in "The Butler." I played it for a week in Manchester, and came to London with it. That was really my first appearance in a part of any importance, and my cup of happiness was filled by the fact that, as Miss Terry had a very bad cold at the time, she obeyed the doctor's orders to remain out of the bill that night, and took my father to Toole's to see me make what was really my London début.

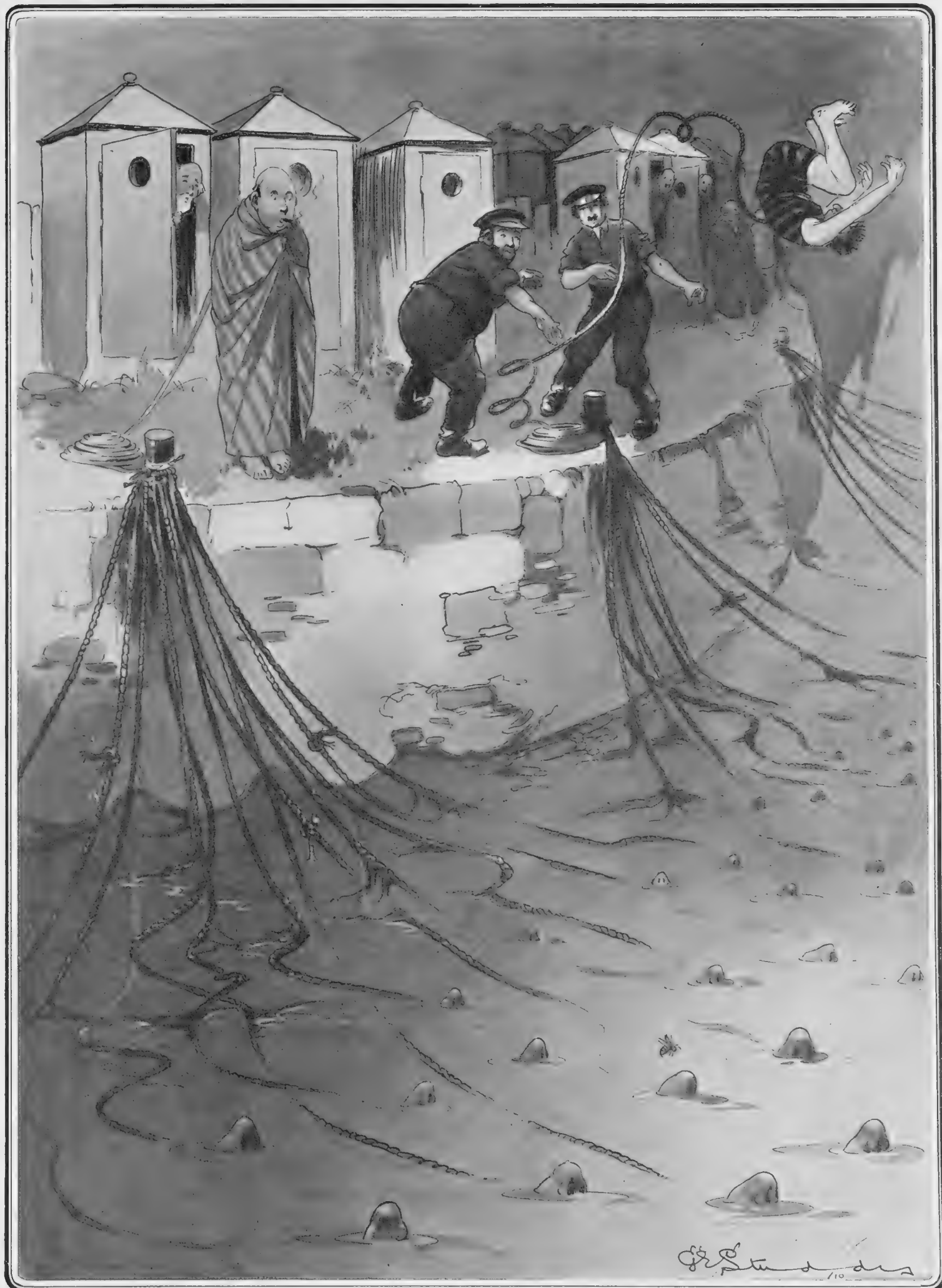
VIOLET VANBRUGH.



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HER STAGE CAREER: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

## Crank Cures.



III.—MUD-BATHING FOR THE RHEUMATIC.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A NEW BRIDAL FLOWER.\*

"REST Harrow grows in any soil. . . . The seed may be sown as soon as ripe, in warm, sheltered spots out of doors. . . .

It is a British plant." This botanical reference, which graces Mr. Hewlett's title-page, carries much significance by the time its repetition occurs as finale to the story. Jack Senhouse, an old friend to friends of Mr. Hewlett, gathers it in the very early morning as a bridal flower for the wife whose wedding the stars of the previous night had witnessed. As he was far too much of a poet, according to his friends, to be anything but shocked by the marriage bond, Rest Harrow becomes symbolic of a union similar to that crowned with the orange-blossom—an exotic at best, but great with the real elemental things, the things that have their being out of doors, where altarcandles would be blown out, where stars are lit and bishops dispensed with. The oddest point is that Rest Harrow should be a British plant; but Weathers the botanist and Jack Senhouse the hero and Mr. Hewlett the author agree that it is. However, to go back.

Eight years before—we have heard of it—Sanchia Josepha Percival was wooed and won by Nevile Ingram, a deserted husband. He led her, as bridegrooms have carried legitimate brides before her, to his Yorkshire home as—house-keeper. She house-kept remarkably well, and again, as in the more prosaic cases already referred to, her lover speedily placed her as one in whom he might safely confide his interests, whether they were simply personal, or concerning his estate, his house, or his gardens. A year is spent tiger-hunting, and his return with a house-party, heralded by a bare telegram, contains but one indication of the position: he eats nothing at table, only feigning to dine with his guests. At a quarter past midnight he summons his housekeeper to a *recherché* supper in his private room, and she comes, having made a careful toilet in silk and lace. Now Sanchia had a trick of suggesting the goddess to very diverse habitants of her little world. A gardener's boy on the estate declared her gait to be that of Demeter in the wheat; her sister Vicky's radiance grows wistful with the wonder if the divine effect is the result of Swedish exercises; Jack Senhouse, her girlhood's friend, exhausts *Lemprière* plus Keats and Shelley for her praises. But her lover, who saw her first as steward of his estate, and, when he would, complaisant mistress, had no eyes for the divine, nor did he guess that quality to which he owed all that she had given and all that she would fain have given. When he throws lightly to her as casual news the fact that his recalcitrant wife is dead, the door is finally shut on their old relations, and soon

after, in mutual anger, she leaves his house. But, as Vicky, the sister who recognised the goddess, remarked, "Sanchia always fell on her feet." Which is only another way of saying that courage has its own reward as well as virtue. The family who had turned her out gave her a lukewarm welcome and two hundred pounds income. A delightful old gentlewoman, "who never beat about bushes, but mostly walked through them," adopted her into a select circle where she could see and be seen by a very pleasant corner of aristocratic London. Woovers, substantial and even princely, were not wanting, though she had never failed in candour or courage for that sad past. And to complete the triumph, Nevile Ingram returns from Africa to lay himself (legitimately) at her feet. Almost she had

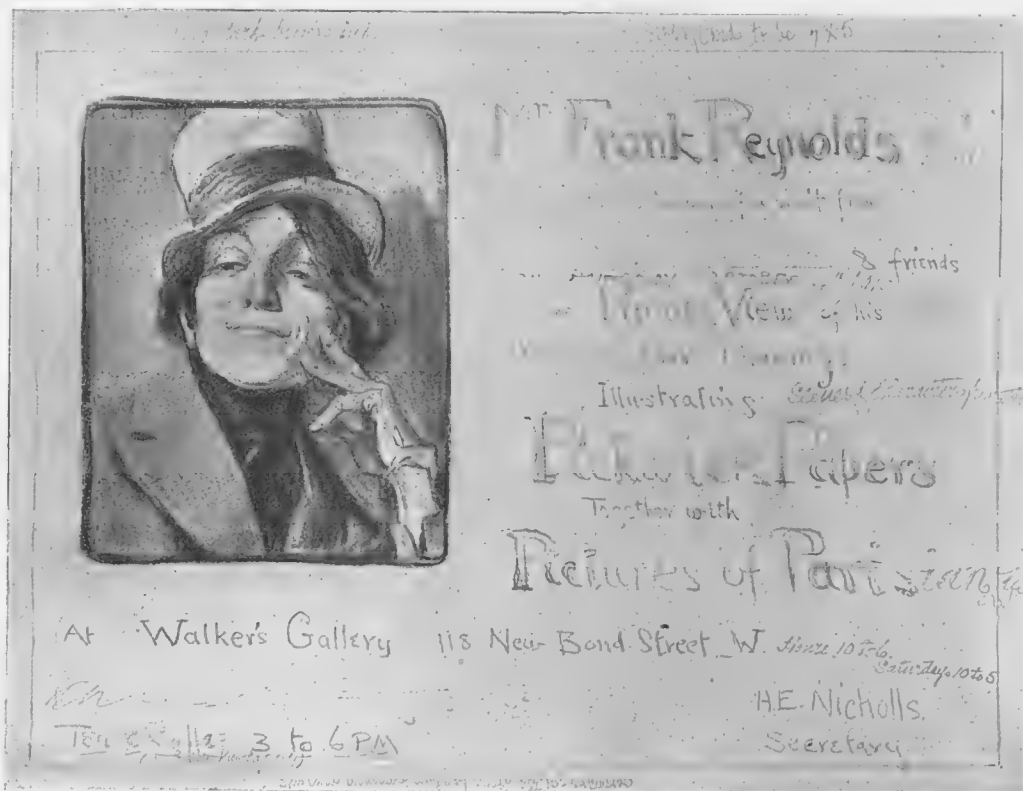
taken him, and denied the goddess! Family considerations moved her, an importunate and outraged mother appealed to her, but, more urgent than all, an old letter, among the many cherished, from Jack Senhouse, that had praised her "dear obsequious head, bowed in a fair place to a fair emblem." In its glow she saw herself renouncing her Olympic courage, bent to fate like a mortal, broken to it like a woman.

Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and the voice of the gardener's boy under her London window, save her just in time. And presently a blue-gowned, barefooted, "dangerously beautiful" deity trips down the valley to her poet-philosopher, now a confirmed hermit in a remote corner of

Wiltshire. She dons a white jelah like his own, and thus hooded and folded they sat at meat—"conversation and water and salad"; rather Senhouse, "filled with the Holy Ghost," discoursing at large. Their future, which is to include a school where no reading or writing shall be taught before fifteen, lies all before them, and the little Rest Harrow, its delicate pink chalice shaped with a lip of flushed white, rested deep in Sanchia's bosom for token.

"What else could I do?" she had once said of a former episode, with pencilled eyebrows arched. "I thought it would make no difference. I wanted too, you see." Nor with this crowning proof will any deny her courage. To cast her lot with a man who wore Moorish robes in a Wiltshire valley, who lived in a hut, and dined on salad, might be much; but how much more to dare such fearful intimacy with one who had hailed her "goddess"!

Mr. Hewlett is bound to tell us more of this affair; of the Senhusian school (will the British Rest Harrow grow in its garden?) of Jack Senhouse himself, oozing with aphorisms like a pine with resin; of Sanchia, too sincere for stain, too great for regret—of the stuff of goddesses.



A "SKETCH" ARTIST AS ILLUSTRATOR OF DICKENS: MR. FRANK REYNOLDS' "ROUGH" SKETCH FOR THE INVITATION-CARD FOR HIS EXHIBITION OF HIS WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING "THE PICKWICK PAPERS" AND HIS PICTURES OF PARISIAN LIFE.

Mr. Frank Reynolds needs no introduction to our readers, many of whom, we are sure, will visit his exhibition at Walker's Gallery, which will undoubtedly be of exceptional interest.

SHOP !



THE FAIR PURCHASER : Your eggs are all very small to-day, Mr. Jones.

MR. JONES : Yes 'm, they are, but I'm sure I don't know the reason.

THE FAIR PURCHASER : Oh, I expect you took them out of the nests too soon.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## WIRELESS.

By WALTER WOOD.

A PONDEROUS chain, wrought in the fashion of a cable, was stretched across the Admiral's waistcoat, and in his pocket was a massive repeater. It was the Admiral's practice every time the hour was sounded in the snugger of the Ancient Mariners to draw forth his watch and compare its record with that of the beeswaxed grandfather. He invariably contrived to get either natural or artificial light to shine on the polished inside face of the watch, which was a hunter, and occasionally he amused himself by flashing signals.

The clock had just struck three, and the Admiral had corrected it by his repeater. Then he focussed the sun's rays on the lid and dazzled a grey parrot in a cage. "I've semap'ored 'What cheer?'" he explained. "If I'd done it wi' little banners that 'ud ha' bin flag-waggin'; but if I'd adopted air-waves that 'ud ha' bin wireless."

"Tell us about that old duck o' yours, and the way you got it," said a listener eagerly.

"I'll thank you, Pindle, to speak respectful when you mention my chronomeeter," replied the Admiral. "But I suppose 'at what you're after's the yarn o' the wireless, eh? Well, well, I'm not much of a yarn-spinner, but, to be sure, never venture never win. It's paralyisin' to think what changes there's been on the Nowth Sea since I was a boy and went off in that old Grimsby smack on my first trip. Nowadays it's all steamboats, an' though I don't love 'em much, yet, if it 'adn't bin for steamboats there wouldn't ha' been this wireless business, this blue rip-rappin', as I might call it, an' no doubt I shouldn't ha' had this chronomeeter."

"As you know, the *Pioneer* was the first steam-trawler to be fitted with what they call the macaroni system, so named becoss it comes from the Italian; an' named so, I shouldn't be supprised to learn, for the reason 'at the sound-waves are in long lines, so to speak."

"I was the Admiral o' the Red, White, an' Blue Fleet, which was workin' on the Dogger, an' I was flyin' my flag in the *Pioneer*, which had just been fitted with the macaroni apparatus, an' carried an extra 'and in the form of a brass-bound young man from a trainin' college ashore. He came out in one o' the London cutters, an' when he tumbled aboard an' his luggage was 'thrown after him, you might ha' thought from his airs 'at he was a field-marshal or a knight or something. He wore a blue suit with brass bindin' round the cufts, like forked lightnin', and there was more forked lightnin' round his cap. He sniffed, an' he looked round an' said, 'So far my knowledge has been theoretical; but I've come out to the Dogger to make it practical. It's a rum little 'ooker to start learnin' in; but, however, the day will come when you'll see me operatin' on a fifty-thousand tonner.'"

"I didn't waste words on 'im; there are some objects 'at aren't worth it. I just gave a nod, an' Billy, the deck-'and, shifted his traps into the operatin'-room, where the macaroni apparatus was, an' where Forked Lightnin' as we called 'im, was to live, though his real name was Cuthbert Tootin'. An' a wonderful lot o' traps they were, too. He brought a soap-box on board, filled wi' magazines an' newspaper-cuttin's an' picters, an' called it his mind-expandin' lib'ry. This was where he carried books on wireless an' flyin'-machines, an' where he learned all sorts o' brain-crackin' an' jaw-breakin' words."

"Life on board that old *Pioneer* was very diff'rent from what it 'ad been afore Forked Lightnin' came. I used to watch him in his little cabin, with the receivers plugged to his ears, an' a piece o' paper an' a pencil in front of 'im, an' I used to listen to the burnin',

blazin', rip-rappin' o' the wireless an' wonder what in the world it all meant. An' I had to be content wi' wonderin', for Tootin' took mighty good care never to explain anything, an' we had to be satisfied to take what he told us as gospel—that is, as far as general news was concerned. When it was a case o' receivin' or givin' instructions about fish, or a change o' ground, then the case was diff'rent, an' I had my own way o' saltin' Cuthbert down. I believe 'at often an' often he had all sorts o' carryin's-on with other operators 'at were crossin' the Nowth Sea in liners an' passenger steam-boats. Heavens, what a day it'll be when some o' them operators are women!

"Tootin' 'ad been on board the *Pioneer* five weeks afore we ran back to Grimsby for coal an' stores an' water. We were only in port a day, an' Tootin' spent all the time an' most of his money in sendin' telegrams askin' to be relieved or promoted, an' all he could get out of 'em at t'other end was that, if he didn't like it, there were lots that did, an' were waitin' for his uniform. So he said he'd go back, talkin' a lot about duty callin'."

"We got out to the Dogger again, an' then Tootin' began that extrordinary performance which fair stunned folk. He took another box with him—not a soap-box this time, but a second-'and trunk he'd picked up cheap. It was crammed wi' newspapers an' picters 'at had been collected for him."

"'Have you follered the case?' he says, when we were clear o' the land."

"'What case?' I asks him."

"'Why, the case, of course,' he answers. 'The case 'at's set the 'ole world ringin'—the one an' only case.' He looked that queer an' old-fashioned you might ha' thought he'd sailed in the Ark wi' Noey, instead o' bein' just out of his teens. I was glad when he shut hisself up in his cabin. He kept there till we'd joined the fleet, an' all the time he was moppin' up them newspapers an' picters just like a sponge."

"There was a lot more fireworkin' that trip than there'd been before—telegrastin' and telegrastin' till I was fair worried to death, an' wished 'at wireless was at the bottom o' the Dogger."

"We'd been on the grounds a week, doin' pretty well, when a gent came aboard from the London cutter. He was a fine, tall, clean-shaven feller, all there, an' wi' no nonsense about him. 'I'm 'avin' a look at the trawlers,' he says to me, 'an' collectin' a bit o' first-'and information. I was told you'd put me up for a day or two.'"

"'Certainly,' I said, 'if you don't mind mentionin' the matter to the steward.' He did mention it, an' the steward, who didn't often see half-sovereigns, took a fancy to 'im on the spot, an' cleared the bath o' the boots an' oilies an' such-like debbriss an' made a very comfortable bunk for 'im."

"'I see you've got the wireless,' says the gent—Mr. Butt, 'e told me his name was, but he didn't spell it that way."

"'Oh, yes,' says a queer, strangled sort of voice 'at fair gave me the creeps, till I turned round an' saw Tootin' standin' at the gent's back an' makin' faces at me."

"'Hello! so you're the performer, are you?' says Mr. Butt, genial-like."

"'Yes, I'm the macaroni operator,' answers Tootin', who'd straightened his face out."

"'It's a wonderful invention,' says Mr. Butt. 'Perfectly wonderful. Just think—them simple wires can tap-tap an' rip-rap like Billy, an' the outsider's none the wiser for it. If I wanted to send a telegram or get one, I suppose I could?'

[Continued overleaf.]

A PAIR OF THEM.



THE FIRST ONLOOKER: Wot do they mean by a foozle, Jimmie?  
THE SECOND ONLOOKER: One of them old blokes as is always playing golf, I suppose.  
DRAWN BY H. LAUBENY.



LITTLE BILKINS (*soliloquising*): It is a pleasing thought that although one may have no worldly possessions worth mentioning, in reality, the splendid parks are ours—mine, in fact. Here am I, an Englishman, wandering over my own magnificent estate, and nobody can say anything—  
PARK-KEEPER (*suddenly*): Come off that grass, d'yer 'ear, or I'll turn you abt!  
DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



"Oh, yes," answers Tootin', old-fashioned like.

"Not for me," raps out Mr. Butt. "I don't want anybody to know where I am—that is to say—but why should we bother about such a point? I don't want anybody to know where I am—an' I challenge 'em to find out. There's more ways o' 'idin' a needle nor puttin' it in a 'aystack. He laughed most merrily, an' Tootin' pretended to laugh, too, though it was more like a dry, 'ackin' cough. He kept it up till Mr. Butt had gone to the bath-room, then he follered me to my cabin under the bridge, an' said in a hoarse whisper, 'By 'eavens! This is the very man! It's the case I've told you about! Listen to this, an' look at this porty-graft!' Then he whipped out a newspaper cuttin' from 'is pocket an' a picter of a man 'at was wanted for a tremenjus forgery. He told me 'at the whole world was on the track of the man, who'd robbed a bank of a hundred thousand pound an' vanished just as if the earth had swollered 'im. 'Tell me,' says Tootin', 'am I wrong?'

"Dash it," I says, 'the picter's like 'im, an' the description's exact; but then, there's lots o' doubles in this world—though I think it 'ud be 'ard to find yours.'

"All the evidence is against 'im," says Tootin', 'an' 'is very manner convicts 'im. Remember what he said about 'idin' a needle.'

"I read the description again an' carefully examined the porty-graft, an' I must say 'at there certainly was the most extrordinary likeness I ever saw; but I told Tootin' 'at the last thing in the world a man like the runaway 'ud do 'ud be to come out to the Dogger.

"I'm not surprised at 'im comin' 'ere,' says Tootin', 'becoss he naturally thinks 'at no one 'ud dream o' findin' 'im on the fishin'-grounds. Only a very clever 'un 'ud have the duplicity to do that. He little knew 'at he was runnin' his 'ead into the lion's mouth, an' little did he know 'at I've been tappin' other messages for all I'm worth. He's a very amatoor criminal, or he'd ha' thought o' the far-stetchin' 'and o' the macaroni apparatus. The web o' the law's got 'im like a spider's got a fly. That thou's as good as in my pocket.'

"What are you going to do?" I asked, breathless-like, for Tootin' had a most uncommon way o' drawin' picters with his talk, an' I couldn't help but admire him for his intellect.

"Do?" he says, droppin' his voice again. "Do?" I'm goin' to summons the detectives!

"Not with my authority you aren't," I says; an' Tootin' gave a queer bit of a laugh, a sort o' pityin' guffaw, an' I knew 'at he meant he was goin' to do it anyway, seein' 'at the wireless was completely in his power. An' he did it. He went back to his cabin an' began blazin' away for all he was worth. In a few hours he slipped up to me—I was on the bridge then—an' told me 'at two detectives, disguised as curates, were on their way out to the fleet to arrest the forger. 'Not a word,' he says; 'not to a soul! Promise me,' says Tootin', putting his 'and over his mouth, which meant silence; an' I promised, becoss it saved bother. He went down the bridge-ladder just as Mr. Butt came out o' the bath-room an' joined me. 'To look at 'im, you could never ha' thought 'at he was really such a bad 'un, an' I pointed this out to Tootin'; but he opened one of 'is vollums an' turned to what he called his criminal gallery, an' showed me a likeness of a man in evenin' dress an' as perfect a gentleman as you could look at, surrounded by ladies in white. 'What price this swell?' says Tootin'. 'You might think he was a Cabinet Minister to look at 'im; yet he's the celebrated criminal 'at did old Mr. Seal up in a suit-case an' got executed for it. Ah! you poor fishermen little knows what goes on ashore. You wait, an' if you don't see this Mr. Butt's portrait in my gallery too I shall be very much suppressed.'

"What'll you do wi' that thousand when you get it?" I asks.

"Put it out at int'rest," he answers, 'to provide me with a' old-age pension; but, bless you, the thou's a mere relish, like sherry-an'-bitters. The solid meal'll come in fame an' star engagements 'at I shall get. I shall be the rage of England, an' 'ave more offers o' marriage nor I shall know what to do with, unless I turn a Mormon. I shall never sleep a wink now till I see them curates.'

"It was fine weather, an' I knew 'at with luck the cutter 'ud find the fleet in two days at most, so there wasn't much time to think or act or worm anything out o' the passenger. He was most suspicious, there's no gettin' away from that, an' as close as a oyster about hisself an' his affairs. Everything was against 'im, an' I couldn't 'elp but agree with Tootin' 'at he'd practically confessed 'at he was a fugitive from something. Tootin' scorned my idee 'at he might ha' run away from 'is wife for a change; but then Tootin' wasn't married.

"What's the meanin' o' this everlastin' rip-rappin' and forked lightnin'?" says Mr. Butt all at once. 'It makes me as nervous as a' old 'en!'

"It was Tootin' 'at he spoke to, an' I thought 'at something 'ud ha' gone bust under 'is 'a' or his brass-bound coat, he was that terrified lest I should give the show away. But, in spite of his fear, Tootin' was up to snuff. 'Oh,' he says, careless, 'it's only the prices o' fish. They're allus risin' an' fallin', like a weather-glass.'

"I wish you'd give me a lesson or two in this macaroni work," says Mr. Butt; but Tootin' rapped out 'at it was as much as his berth was worth to do anything o' the sort.

"Then let's 'ave a listen," says Mr. Butt; an', just to humour 'im, Tootin' let him put the receivers on, an' watched 'im like a cat does a mouse.

"Wonderful! Perfectly wonderful!" says Mr. Butt, with a gasp. 'I wish to goodness I knew what it all meant; then I'd understand what they were doin'. Who knows—they might be lookin' for a needle in a 'aystack! You'd better take on.'

"Tootin', who'd fallen into a tremble at the mention o' the needle an' the 'aystack, took on, an' I saw 'is face pale. 'By gosh!' he says afterwards, 'it's a mercy Butt doesn't know anything about wireless! That was a repeat from Scotland Yard! There was a most important message about his own self!'

"I was sorry to 'ear it, for I'd come to think 'at Mr. Butt was a very fine an' noble feller, an' there wasn't a man on board 'at didn't like 'im. 'E gave a 'and at 'aulin' the trawl an' boxin' the fish, an' it struck me to the 'eart to think what a deep-dyed rogue 'e was.

"When the London cutter joined us, Tootin' was nearly frantic with excitement, 'overing round Mr. Butt like a bee buzzin' round flowers.

"Ello!" says Mr. Butt. 'There's a boat putting off from the cutter, wi' two curates in 'er. They're comin' this way. I 'ope they aren't goin' to stop on board this steamboat.'

"Only for a very little trip," says Tootin', rubbin' his 'ands 'an smilin' in a dreadful way. 'They often come out to the fleets—as well for the body as for the soul, as the sayin' is.'

"I 'ate 'em," says Mr. Butt, 'an' they don't like me. I'm off to my cabin to pack.'

"Won't you watch 'em come aboard?" says Tootin', almost dyin' with eagerness.

"Not me," says Mr. Butt. 'I'll be ready to go back by the boat as soon as she's got rid o' that black ballast—an' in a twinklin' he'd gone to the bath-room an' was puttin' his oddments into a little bag, which was all he carried.

"Tootin' follered him an' hung round the door, an' I could see 'at he was fair itchin' to be at him.

"Just as the curates stepped on board, as mild an' innercent as lambs, Mr. Butt comes out o' the bath-room, carryin' his bag in his left 'and.

"Instantly there was the most 'ideous row you ever 'eard.

"Tootin' sprang for'ard like a wild beast. 'This way, officers!' he shouts, an' rushes to the bath-room door, the curates tearin' with 'im, lookin' as much like clergymen as I do. They'd whispered to Tootin' not to be in a 'urry, but to leave things to them; but they might as well ha' spoken to a gutted 'adcock.

"Remember 'at all the reward's mine—no shares!" shouts Tootin'. He flung 'isself on Mr. Butt, an' had his arms round him like a band round a cask. 'In the King's name, arrest 'im!' he yells.

"The curates stared for a few seconds, an' Mr. Butt was fairly took aback. Then one o' the curates taps Tootin' on the shoulder an' says quietly, 'You've made a slight mistake, young man. I don't know who this gent is, but he isn't the one we want.'

"Let me give you my label," says the gent., an' then the curate read out, 'Honourable Claude Boute, M.P.'

"I'm out for a change an' to study natural hist'ry," says Mr. Boute, 'an' I think I've met a' animal 'at isn't described in any book in the world.' He looked 'ard at Tootin', an' it was pitiful to see the change 'at had come over the poor young feller all at once. I thought he'd ha' sunk through the deck, what with his disappointment at losin' his thousand pound an' shame at his idiocy.

"Tootin' never said a word. He just slunk off to his cabin an' didn't turn up till it was dark. Then I caught 'im 'eavin' his lib'ry an' study overboard.

"The curates have gone," I told him; but I spared 'im from listenin' to what they'd said.

"An' the Honourable Mr. Boute?" asks Tootin', with a groan. 'What'll he think o' me? What'll the world think? I shall have my portygraft given in every dashed rag 'at's 'printed, an' shall be forced to emigrate to Canada and start farmin'.'

"Oh, no, you won't," I told him, 'unless you advertise yourself for what a fool you've been. The curates have gone back to Scotland Yard, an' Mr. Boute's gone with 'em. He went away roarin' with laughter, an' sayin' 'at it's been the joke of his life, an' he wouldn't ha' missed it for that thousand pound which you haven't got.'

"Why not?" asks Tootin' faintly.

"Becoss," I says, 'he was a officer in the Royal Navy afore he was a Member o' Parliament, an' he follered every rip-rap in the *Pioneer* like a rat after cheese. An' no wonder, for he'd been the macaroni lieutenant of a battleship!'

The Admiral slowly flashed his watch again at the bewildered parrot—the watch which bore an inscription stating that it was the gift of the Honourable Claude Boute, "In Remembrance of Wireless."

THE END.

# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

OCTOBER is already nearing the end of its first week, and for the time being everything that may be shot at any time of the year is in season; but it may be doubted whether many pheasants have occasion to mourn the end of their close season. The great bulk of the birds are still faithful to the woodlands, still feed largely and regularly in the rides, still regard the keeper and his assistants as their best friends. In very many places they have still two months of pleasant life before them. To be sure, a few will stray out of bounds, and be picked up with great ease as they rise from hedgerows and root-fields, but this class of shooting is not to be dignified by the name of sport; it is pot-hunting pure and simple. I am inclined to think that pheasant is seldom worth eating before late November. Only when the leaves die down and the corn diet has been varied with the aid of berries and beech-mast does the bird add flavour to bulk, only then does it boast the lining of yellow fat that responds so nobly to the efforts of a cunning cook. In October the bird is better to look at than to eat, partly, perhaps, because English cooks, not having read the works of the late Alexander Shand, seem quite unable to deal with him by any other method than roasting, and partly because



THE SPORTSMAN—ACCORDING TO GERMANY; FROM THE BUST BY PAUL OESTEN.

*Photograph by the Record Press.*

hand-feeding has not served to develop his latent qualities. In places where birds are not preserved, and the few pheasants that come to the gun are wild birds, you will notice as much difference as there is between the sheep of low-lying inland pastures and those of the East Coast saltings.

Unfortunately, the conditions of preserving do not permit the birds to stray far on small estates. To allow them to venture far afield and earn a flavour by their own discriminating food-selection is to risk their departure from your boundaries, and on another man's land your pheasants are another man's property. So it happens that when the call of late autumn is most persistent, and pheasants will travel in the smaller hours of morning in search of flower and vegetable gardens, or hedgerows where they may enjoy sunflower or white-pea seeds, brussels-sprouts, "hips and haws," and the other delicacies that are so good for them—the day of doom is near. It is time to pay the first visit to the covers, to make the first big bag of the year. From the standpoint of the gourmet, pheasants are often shot too soon, because they have not been allowed to fatten themselves; from the standpoint of the man with the gun, they are often shot too soon because they are not wild enough to fly hard and high. Perhaps if the cry for record bags were less persistent it would be no bad thing for sport; as long

as each man desires to go one better than his neighbour, and the amount of the bag is of more importance than the quality of the birds shot, the majority of the pheasants that come to table will continue to fail to justify themselves. Even a hardened gamekeeper will sometimes admit as much as this, but he is under no illusions concerning what is expected of him. He knows that unless he can show a heavy head of game his post is not worth a year's purchase.

The present year has been rather an unfavourable one for birds; the mortality on heavy land was above the average. Where the owner of preserves has a very long purse and a fixed determination to have big bags regardless of cost, the season, bad or good, is of small account. If the first settings are a failure, there are plenty of game-farms to supply a second. It is now quite a common experience to find a great scarcity of fowls' eggs in the villages bordering big preserves, because the keepers have ordered all the eggs that the farmers and cottagers can supply; and in bad weather, when the first hatchings do not thrive, the demand for fowls'-eggs continues late into the summer. In my part of the country, the hen-wives do a very good business with the keepers by selling broody hens for half-a-crown and buying them back for eighteenpence when the pheasants are taken to the woods. In this way every hen yields a shilling at a time when she would be worth nothing as a layer to the owner, and the demands of the pheasant-poults have put up the price of eggs. It



"RAWENNENHAWI"—THE WORD-OF-GOD-CARRIER: FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

*Photograph by Booker and Sullivan.*

is curious to learn that, of old time, in East Anglia, eggs were so plentiful in March and April that they fetched as little as ninepence a score. Nowadays, many cottagers contrive to pay their rent by keeping a dozen or two of fowls and raising one or two broods of very early chickens; but the assistance given by the gamekeeper is a very important factor in the case. The friendly relations between keeper and cottager have been very valuable in reducing the activity of poachers, and in purely rural England poaching is certainly on the wane. It is only where the preserves are in the immediate neighbourhood of collieries and factories that the keeper's life, like that of Sir W. S. Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one.

Elsewhere the poaching is of a far less serious kind. It consists for the most part of going about in the company of a "useful dog," which, as soon as it sees a rabbit, will go in and win. The extent to which these dogs—lurchers for the most part—serve their masters is astonishing; but as they

only take a rabbit at a time, and it goes to the pot and not to the market, little is said. The rabbit is no friend of farmer, market-gardener, or fruit-grower.

MARK OVER.



FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN TAKEN INTO THE IROQUOIS TRIBE: THE FAMOUS ECCLESIASTIC SHAKING HANDS WITH THE EIGHTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD CHIEF, SOSISIOHAHIO.

Father Bernard Vaughan visited the other day the Iroquois Indian reserve at Caughnawaga, on the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, and was received into the tribe by the Chief Sosisiohahio, here shown with his grandchildren and Father Vaughan. Father Vaughan received the name "Rawennenhawi," which means "the Word-of-God-Carrier."—[Photograph supplied by Leo E. Bourdon.]





By HENRY LEACH.

Mr. Balfour and I read in one of the morning newspapers I have time to glance through on those days of ease when I am golfing down Richmond way, and am not due to begin until 10.45—in distinction from the strenuous days when the teeing-up has to be done some thirty miles away, and the journey thither has to be accomplished by car with some twenty or thirty condensed horses (a slight digression this, but most of you will be, like me, only just back in town after a long golfing holiday, and finding the old condition of things quite new and fresh and interesting)—I read that one day in the week of this Issue Mr. Balfour, the ex-Prime Minister and Conservative leader, is to speak at the Scottish Conservative Club at Edinburgh, and the editor adds significantly, “We understand that Mr Balfour is to make a speech of some length.” There is no hint given as to what the burden of this great speech is likely to be, but it is clear that it is to be one of great importance. Now only a few days ago I saw in a Sunday paper that Mr. Balfour had hit a ball into the sea at North Berwick, and, not being satisfied with the laws of the game bearing on the point, had there and then announced his intention of drawing up a new code of rules, and submitting it to the Rules Committee of the Royal and Ancient Club for their approval. The chief idea of his code would be simplicity and comprehensiveness, which is what the golf-law people have been trying to get at for the best part of two hundred years, but are still far away from.

#### A Needed Influence.

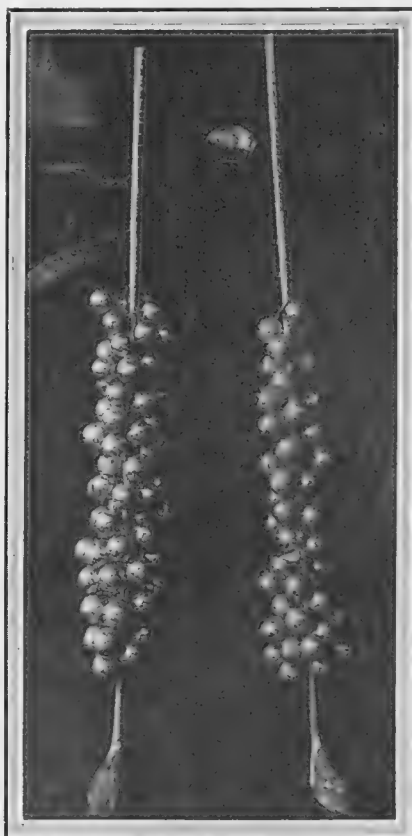
Again, on the very morning that I read of Mr. Balfour's intention to make a great speech at Edinburgh—take note that Edinburgh is the capital of Scotland, to which golf is supposed to belong—there is printed in the papers the report of what happened at the annual meeting of the Royal and Ancient, and the full text of the new rule bearing on the banning of mallet-headed and other clubs, a rule of which I and others do not at all like the look. It is said that there are some of us who can think of golf and nothing but golf. *Bien!* To such it is clear that Mr. Balfour has it in mind to make a great speech on the rules, possibly to attack the Rules Committee, even to formulate a great new policy. It may not be so; but to them it looks a little that way. There are many who feel that, until the whole world of golf gets up in arms, the Rules Committee will be indifferent to any complaints that are made to them about the code for which they are responsible; but I should like to think

that some pressure was brought to bear on them from some quarter of tremendous influence. We know that when statesmen, after the most enormous thought and innumerable conferences, fail to achieve their objects, kings sometimes step in, much less learned in the subject perhaps, and in an instant difficulties vanish like melting vapour, and satisfaction and happiness follow. The idea of Mr. Balfour's interference was, of course, wild enough; but he knows the game and the true spirit of it, and he has been captain of the Royal and Ancient Club—and, as one who has to explain them to the people, I am getting so very tired of these rules of golf as they are sent down from St. Andrews. Not two years ago we had a brand-new code sent out, the result of years of thought and consideration by what are supposed to be the best golfing legislators of the time. That code was to be the last word in golfing law. There was never to be any more trouble whatsoever. We felt quite happy then.

#### The New Wordings.

And now? The Committee have done a little tinkering with the new code at different times, and at present are disposed to make substitutions in huge chunks; and for the life of me I cannot understand the object of some of them. They have almost entirely re-worded the eleventh of the special rules for stroke play—the rule intimating that in the stroke game you may pick up your ball from anywhere under penalty of loss of two strokes, and tee it behind the place, or, if that cannot be done, as near as possible to that place, but not nearer the hole. In the new wording “the place from which the ball was lifted” is spoken of, instead of “the place where it lay,” which does not seem to make any difference. Then, also, there is some slightly different use in the old and new rules of the words “may” and “shall”; but these have been employed so indiscriminately in the rules up to now, and with so apparently little realisation that “may” means “if you like” and “shall” may mean “you really must” that I will not confuse you by pointing

out the changes in this respect which have been made—accidentally, I presume. At last we have got the wording of the new rule about barred clubs, and it is not a very good thing. The Committee have made it clear that Schenectadias and all centre-shafted clubs, and the quasi-centre-shafted ones, where the neck leans over towards the face, are absolutely barred. There can be no further doubt upon that point, and the only thing to do now is just to express one's opinion about it once and then shut the subject down.



THE SILVER CLUBS OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT, SHOWING THE SILVER BALLS. TO WHICH EACH CAPTAIN ADDS ONE ON RETIREMENT.

On Wednesday of last week, Mr. S. Mure Fergusson duly played himself in at St. Andrews as Captain of the Royal and Ancient. On his retirement, each captain presents a silver golf-ball, to be hung on one of the silver clubs here shown. Mr. Mure Fergusson was runner-up in the Amateur Championship of 1894, and in that of 1898. He has won the King William IV. medal at St. Andrews six times, and has taken various other important trophies.

Photograph by Hamilton and Co.



ON THE MOST FAMOUS GOLF-LINKS IN THE WORLD: THE CLUB HOUSE AT ST. ANDREWS, SHOWING THE HOME GREEN.

Photograph by Topical.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## The Death-Roll of the Air.

In the lamented death of that courageous—I had nearly written “foolhardy”—aviator, Chavez, aviation has lost another of its brightest exponents. He was a King of the Air indeed, for he died in possession of the altitude record. Let us hope that it will be permitted to remain an attribute of his memory, for, as I have said before, the cause of aviation is not bettered a fragment by these feats of devil-daring. Death has already taken a heavy toll of the gallant little band of men who are disputing the possession of the empyrean with the birds, and it is time that the list was closed. Since Chavez died there has been yet another victim, Herr Plochmann, and in the short time since Lieutenant Selfridge was killed, the death-roll must approach, if it does not exceed, that of motor-racing, which aroused such a howl of condemnation in the Press. Have our journalists and the public become hardened and thick-skinned since that time, that a cry for the repression of flying feats is not raised *partout*?

**Clinchers at Brussels.** Motorists, and cyclists too, for the matter of that, will not be surprised to learn that

direct road to that famous village a hill was encountered which for 700 feet presented a gradient of one in three, and which only one British car had previously been known to climb unassisted. But between Ober-Weisbach and Berchtesgaden, in a rise of 2000 feet, even severer gradients were encountered and conquered. The books of the Austrian Customs showed that only two cars had ever passed that way before. South from Rodstall to Villach, the formidable Katchberg Hill, 5000 feet, with gradients of one in three, was also negotiated, although the surface was very bad and covered with stones. On the climb, a derelict car propped up with stones and waiting for horse-draught was seen.

THE BOAT IN USE.



## Under-Rimming Undesirable.

Penny-wise is pound-foolish when the transverse diameters of tyres to be selected for a new car are under consideration. Half the troubles and much of the expense connected with running pneumatic tyres are due to the use of too small sectional areas. Makers who list chassis, tyres included, will not, obviously, furnish tyres that are on the large side, and my advice to prospective purchasers is to dip a little deeper into their pockets and go for a

WHY NOT PROVIDE A PORTABLE MOTOR ALSO? A BOAT THAT CAN BE FOLDED TO RESEMBLE A VALISE, WHICH CONTAINS PADDLE, FLOATS, AND SO FORTH.

The box in which parts of the boat, and the folding paddle, etc., are packed forms the body of the boat, which is kept afloat by means of cigar-shaped “balloons” into which air is pumped.



UNFOLDING THE VALISE-BOAT, WHICH CONTAINS A FOLDING PADDLE, FLOATS, ETC.

quite a notable series of awards has been made to the North British Rubber Company, Ltd., of Edinburgh, for their exhibits at Brussels. The company have been awarded the Grand Prix not only for their motor and cycle tyres, but for machine belting, waterproof clothing, and other productions. A silver medal has been awarded them for their aeroplane fabric, and a diploma for rubber hose. The history of the North British Rubber Company goes back to primeval times in the history of pneumatic tyres. It was the patent of the company's late managing-director, Mr. Bartlett, that was the subject of the first great patent case, when that patent was upheld, and became the original of the inflation-held, beaded-edged tyre used on motor-cars to-day. The result of the company's lengthy apprenticeship to the construction of pneumatic tyres is mirrored in the Brussels award.

## Hill-Climbing Extraordinary.

According to the touring notes of an owner of a 12-16-h.p. Sunbeam, there is hill-climbing and to spare to be found in Austria. With a car which had scaled all the well-known Scottish heights, including the dreaded Amulree, this gentleman felt quite prepared for anything he might encounter on his way to Ober-Ammergau and the Passion Play. It was as well that he possessed a car of quality, for on the



CARRYING THE VALISE-BOAT TO THE RIVER.  
Photographs by Delius.



PUTTING TOGETHER THE BOAT, AND INFLATING THE TWO RUBBER FLOATS.

few millimetres more in transverse diameter. But there is a danger in doing this without expert advice, as the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company most clearly point out in a warning circular that now lies before me. Ninety millimetres is a transverse diameter which accompanies major diameters from 760 to 910, but, except for really light cars, this transverse dimension is too small for safety and comfort. But, served with 90 mm. rims, what is the poor motorist to do?

## Continental Advice.

Well, the Continental expert tells him! In the circular referred to it is pointed out that, although the Continental 105 mm. can, in case of necessity, be carried in 90 mm. rims, this should not be done, for the 105 mm. tyre is constructed with a heavier and larger beading than the 90 mm., and consequently requires a wider rim. But, nailed down to 90 mm. rims as our motorist may be, he will find surcease from much care by adopting the 100 mm. cover, which is quite equal in construction to the 105 mm., and will, under these conditions, give better service. The effect of over-tying a rim—that is, to mount a 105 mm. cover on a 90 mm. rim—will sooner or later, generally sooner, cause the cover to split circumferentially just above the bead, in an almost irreparable manner.



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Races to Come.** There should be a big crowd at Kempton Park on Saturday to see the race for the Duke of York Stakes, and the winner may take some finding. Now that ante-post betting does not take place over this event, it is impossible to speak with any certainty beforehand as to what may go to the post, but it can be taken for granted that the field will be a representative one. A few years back, Darling's best would have had a great following; but the Beckhampton stable has been clean out of luck for the last year or two, and it may be that Darling has nothing good enough to cope with the opposition. In another column will be found my selection for the race. The Cesarewitch will take place at Newmarket next week, and I think it will be a race well worth seeing. Indeed, it always is. Bronzino on paper has an undeniable chance; while Pure Gem and Alec Taylor's best are entitled to respect. My own opinion is that no Newmarket animal will be found good enough to cope with the country-trained horses. I hope owners will not hesitate to start their horses in this race if they are stayers, as we often find hot favourites bowled over. The Cambridgeshire will be run at the Houghton Meeting on Oct. 26. This will be a race worth going a long way to see, and the market on the contest will be an especially strong one, unless the favourite wins the longer race, when the holders of double event books will tumble over one another in their attempts to do some hedging. Halcyon has been included in a great many doubles with Bronzino. If the latter won the Cesarewitch, Halcyon would become unbackable for the Cambridgeshire. I am told that Duke Michael has a chance for the shorter race. He has, according to my authority, returned to his very best form. Duke Michael is owned by Mr. Reid Walker, and is trained by C. Leader junior.

**Jockeys.** A great deal of excitement is rife among certain racegoers as to who will head the list of winning jockeys at the end of the flat-racing season. It looks as though Frank Wootton would be a good winner, as his light weight is so much in his favour, while Maher is very fond of taking a holiday when he is not wanted to ride at a race-meeting. The fact of the matter is that Maher does not care a penny piece who comes out first in the point of number of wins, so long as he maintains his remarkable average; and it can, I think, be safely relied on that the American jockey will once more have far and away the best average. Maher has without a doubt been riding very well this year. His losing in the Leger on Lemberg was, I take it, a pure accident, and it is just on the cards that, with a clear course all round, the Manton colt would have been badly beaten by Bronzino. Again, the defeat of Bayardo at Goodwood was brought about owing to the horse having

undoubtedly been off-colour that day. Indeed, he looked like it from the start, and it is just possible that he was developing the cough that troubled Alec Taylor's stable later on. One thing is certain—the Maherites are as numerous as ever, and they do not waver in their allegiance to the American jockey. This is shown by the pinched prices one generally gets about his mounts. As a

matter of fact, some of the 'cute pencilers make their books for his horses, even when they start at long prices. I think it would generally pay to back both Wootton's and Maher's mounts when these start at anything over 5 to 1, especially in selling-races, as both seem to be able to get the most out of bad horses that have previously been ridden by one or other of the many incompetent jockeys that are practising on the turf at the present time.

**Number-Cloths.** I think the time has arrived for the Jockey Club to institute the number-system in flat-races—that is to say, all horses running under the rules of racing should carry number-cloths under the saddle. So many owners' colours are alike that it is next to impossible to sort the animals out in running, more especially in very big fields; while there are plenty of casual racegoers who could not tell one colour from another. Now that democracy may be

said to have prevailed on the racecourse, as is shown by the crowded state of the cheap rings, I contend that everything should be done that could be done to make the reading of races as simple as possible. True, owners claim that the using of number-cloths is apt to carry contagion; but, even so, that is a risk that should be taken in the

interests of the public. I very much doubt if there would be any risk whatever, as trainers who know their business thoroughly would not send horses to run that were under the least suspicion. The numbered armlets worn by the attendants in the paddocks—and which were, by-the-by, only adopted after a deal of agitation by some of us—have been a great success, and these serve only the high-priced racegoers. The little men who work in the half-crown rings never go near the paddock, but they occasionally get a glimpse of the races at some meetings where the stands are not too inconveniently placed, and the numbered saddle-cloths would be a great boon to them. Numbered cloths have been adopted in the Colonies, and are much appreciated. Then why should they not be used in England? The old fogies who revile the starting-gate because it is, in their opinion, a new-fangled notion would, as a matter of course, abuse the idea; but they should not be allowed to count. We have no use for the opponents to reform in racing matters.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



ORMONDE, WHICH CHANGED HANDS FOR £31,250.



FLYING FOX, WHICH CHANGED HANDS FOR £39,375.



CYLLENE, WHICH CHANGED HANDS FOR £31,500.



DIAMOND JUBILEE, WHICH CHANGED HANDS FOR £31,500.

RACEHORSES THAT PROVED GOLD-MINES:  
SOME ANIMALS THAT CHANGED HANDS AT  
OVER £30,000 A PIECE.

Photographs by Sport and General.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Correct,  
but Comfortless.

The present craze for correct periods in the furnishing of houses is apt to result in a certain amount of discomfort—a discomfort which is never alluded to by the proud possessors of the Louis XIV. drawing-room, the Sheraton parlour, or the bed-room which is exclusively Italian Renaissance. This latter period—though delightfully begilded, brocaded, and generally picturesque—has the drawback of having no wardrobes in which to hang your clothes. I don't know whether the Italian ladies of the time of Lorenzo de' Medici did not hang their dresses on a hook, but there seems to survive no cupboard of that exciting period larger than would hold a peaked cap and veil. There are many people who set no store on sleeping in a chamber which resembles a museum, any more than they like to sit in a saloon in which there is not a single comfortable chair or sofa on which to "flop." The real Louis XIV. apartment, in a French country-house, has



[Copyright.]

A SMART BLOUSE, TRIMMED WITH PAISLEY SILK, AND OUTLINED WITH FINE BRAID.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

the bed in a dark alcove, cupboards—for some mysterious reason—well-nigh at the ceiling, and an uncompromising red-stone floor. As to the Sheraton parlour, so beloved of the Englishwoman, it should be kept exclusively to look at, and not to live in; for to throw one's things about, to be gloriously untidy and recklessly hilarious in so prim and chastened a place is to violate its very spirit, to devastate its immaculate gentility.

That Unfortunate  
Consumptive.

Great strides are being made, we are continually told, in the cure of consumption; but it is strange what drastic changes are always being made in the treatment by experts in this disease. Only a year or two ago the patient was made to eat until his state resembled that of a Strasbourg goose, while he was put out into the sun, wrapped up in rugs, and not allowed to fatigue himself in any way whatever. He slept in an ice-cold bedroom, or hut with open sides, and was sent to the highest Alpine altitudes to breathe the most rarefied air in Europe. Now they have discovered that the sufferer from phthisis must eat moderately, live abstemiously, and do a great deal of hard manual work. By nature an optimist, and disinclined to labour, the unfortunate consumptive must work with his hands all day, eat sparsely, and sleep with all the winds of heaven about his head. The prospect is not a rosy one, but doubtless the régime will be changed before another twelve months have passed.

The Discredited  
Nineteenth Century.

Although we have not completed the first decade of the new century, to have merely the ideals of the nineteenth century is already to be hopelessly out of the movement. The frank and callous individualism of mid-Victorian times seems as shocking to us nowadays as the tippling, gambling, feudal habits of the reigns of the Georges. As a matter of fact, it is more fashionable to be

eighteenth-century nowadays than nineteenth-century, so hopelessly is the recent period discredited with the rising generation. Among women in Society, especially, Georgian manners are much more noticeable than Victorian manners. There is an ease, a lightness, a geniality about well-bred womenfolk to-day which was lacking in the mid-Victorian matron, with her unflinching and uncomfortable devotion to her Duty. The singular vogue for card-playing and gambling, which has permeated all classes, completes the resemblance to the period of powder and patches, for women sit down now to play cards with each other at all hours of the day, precisely as they did when Swift wrote and Dr. Johnson talked. Even in their garb, the women of to-day look more like 1799 than 1879; while their manners, gracefully "casual," are poles asunder from the prim, upright, uncompromising angularities which were characteristic of properly brought-up girls of the past century.

Thackeray  
and France.

In France, nowadays, they are singularly sensitive about English opinion, so I was not surprised to see a somewhat plaintive article of Thackeray in regard to France. Though the illustrious author of "Vanity Fair" passed much of his gay youth in Paris, and knew France as well as any Englishman of 1840 was capable of understanding it—for it was precisely at that period that we were most divorced from French ideals in art, literature, and sociology—he never regarded that great country with anything but a contemptuous amusement. He loved, it seems, its cuisine, and even wrote an immortal ballad about a fish-soup; but, for a man of genius, he was extraordinarily prejudiced and John-Bullish in his attitude towards a race which has done at least as much as the Anglo-Saxon race towards true civilisation. The women, particularly, he never understood, for in the Thackerayan philosophy, if a woman was at once clever and attractive, she was inevitably a minx—or worse. His favourite heroines are all tedious and virtuous simpletons; his amusing young persons—Becky, Blanche, and Beatrix—come to disreputable ends. When Thackeray was introduced to a famous French actress in her dressing-room at the Variétés, he "felt his heart beating so hard that he could hardly speak." When the lady politely invited him to call, he was convinced, after the visit, that she fancied him in love with her. He never went again. Possibly this was an instinct of self-preservation, and the great Thackeray portrayed his amusing female characters with such a virulent pen because he felt their irresistible and dangerous allurements.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING AUTUMN COSTUME: A LONG COAT OF SEALSKIN AND ERMINE WITH TOQUE TO MATCH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Streets and Shops.

After the great spaces of the Northern Highlands, London is bewildering. The foreign and provincial invasion is still on, and the barging of the ill-trained pedestrian, the voluble discussions outside shops, the sudden stoppings and the movings along with mind quite detached from the doings of feet, are disconcerting to those of us who have had plenty of room of late. However, there is a wonderful fascination about it too. I had not got over surprise at a marvellous hat with an upright fence of feathers all round it, worn by a tube-shaped lady in shepherd's plaid, when my eyes were arrested by a brown, ascetic-looking man in a brown-serge robe, with sandals on bare feet, hatless, and with a black metal cross on his breast, with a look of steadfast cheeriness in his eyes, and a purposeful energy in his walk that made me muse on the merits of the natural as opposed to the artificial, of freedom of clothing as opposed to confinement. Next my mind was switched off to a little child who was knocked over by a young fellow hurrying along and to the look of remorse and tenderness in the lad's face as he picked the small child up and consoled it with soft speech and copper coin of the realm. Then I saw a handsome woman, in the uniform of the Salvation Army, get into a smart carriage, evidently her own, and then—as in sharp contrast—a girl, overdressed in wonderful imitations of expensive things, clamber into a quivering, palpitating motor-bus and clamber out again, apparently because there was no room, except beside an ancient whose clothes had seen many and, it is to be hoped, much better days. Then I thought—"I might be in the Highlands along time and never see such highly coloured pictures of real life as here."

### Taxi-Cab and Private-Motor Hats!

The days are at hand when the taxis will be closed, and the owners of private cars will use their limousine-bodied and landaulette varieties. It behoves us to think of this when buying our autumn headgear. Nothing so ruins millinery as pressure from above on it, and the covers of only the most luxurious private cars are high enough to admit of high hats being worn. The tendency of the latest toques and hats is to height, and to a distinct decrease in breadth. High as the hats are, the trimmings are even higher. Therefore, dear purchasers of precious millinery, pause and consider ere your vaunting vanity overgrows itself and gets squashed by the first taxi you enter, to the damage of your self-respect and temper.

### What of the Season, Prophets?

I imagine the seers be disagreed on this subject. There are those who rush into print with what they wish to be, rather than with what is. We know those crusted announcements, "This is again a very busy week with Society," which appeared perseveringly last season, when Society, poor thing, felt that ditchwater was exhilarating compared with the condition that it was reduced to. Personally, I believe that we shall have an active but unexciting late autumn and winter. There will be numbers of people in town, and they will amuse themselves. For great brilliance we must wait for the Coronation. It seems to me that we shall have a real good time, of course, but it will be quieter, perhaps, than on the last occasion. A more solid and yet wider social system, more rational and less smart amusements are no bad prospect. Certain sets have, of late years, got out of hand and enjoyed life in a way not good for themselves or others. The truth is that a violent reaction from decade after decade of dullness took people off their feet, and they will now find them again, and enjoy life after a truer and more seemly fashion. These be serious reflections for a Woman About Town, who, however, sometimes sees serious things.

October Chimes. Wedding-bells will be pealing out freely this month. None ring at the Brompton Oratory, where the chief wedding takes place. It is that of Lord Lovat and the Hon. Laura Lister. The bridegroom-elect is the head of the Clan Fraser and the founder of Lovat's Scouts, a representative

detachment of which body will come from Scotland to line the aisle. The bride-elect is the niece of Mrs. Asquith, under whose auspices the wedding will take place from the Prime Minister's official residence, which is being redecorated and the garden of which is being covered in for the reception. At the Brompton Oratory, a week earlier, on Saturday next, Miss Eve Gerard Dicconson will be married to Captain Vandeleur, 1st Life Guards. Miss Gerard Dicconson is a cousin of Lord Gerard, who was married at the Oratory. Her only sister married a soldier, Brigadier-General Capper, D.S.O. Her father is heir-presumptive to his nephew, Lord Gerard. Miss Clare Frewen's wedding to Mr. Sheridan takes place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on the 15th, the same day as that of Lord Lovat. It will be of much social interest. Miss Frewen is a cousin of our only Winston, and a niece of Mrs. Leslie of Glasslough; and Mr. Sheridan is the brother of Mrs. Hall-Walker, and of the same stock as Richard Brinsley of that ilk.

In our last Issue, we gave a photograph of a Birmingham goldsmith's strong-room door after it had been operated upon by scientific burglars with a view to the extraction of £45,000 worth of jewellery. We now learn from the makers of the door that there were certain technical errors in our description, which we are glad to correct. We stated that the outer plate of the door was made of steel two inches thick, then a layer of asbestos, then a half-inch plate, and that, when the thieves left their work, they had got as far as the inner plate. The makers, however, inform us that the door "is made of 4 layers of steel, having a total thickness of about 2 inches. The outer layer only ( $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of an inch thick) is all that was affected by the Oxy-Acetylene (not the 'Oxy-Hydrogen') Blow-Pipe, leaving about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches of steel (not  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch) between the burglars and the locks. There is not, and never was, any 'Asbestos' in the construction of the door."



GOING AT "TOP" SPEED ON A SINGLE LINE: THE BRENNAN MONO-RAIL CAR AT THE JAPAN-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

The Brennan mono-rail car, which is exhibiting its powers at Shepherd's Bush, is balanced on its single rail by means of two rapidly revolving fly-wheels or gyroscopes, each  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ton in weight, and rotating at a speed of 3200 revolutions per minute. The gyroscopic force keeps the car steady on the same principle as a spinning top. The car weighs 22 tons and carries 10 tons more. The motive power, both for driving the car and the gyroscopes, is furnished by Wolseley petrol motors, made by the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Co., of Adderley Park, Birmingham.

but now 3000 per day are frequently required to cope with the demand. Possessing enormous farms of its own, the Company is absolutely independent of outside sources of supply.

At a moment when German operettas are scoring such continuous successes in England, it is gratifying to know that our own authors and composers can return the compliment abroad. Paul Rubens' "Balkan Princess" has just made a big hit at the King's Theatre, Budapest. The piece was greeted on the first night with rapturous applause, all the principal numbers having to be repeated three or four times each. It may be recalled that "Miss Hook of Holland," which was produced at the same theatre last year, scored a record number of performances for Budapest.

Messrs. Mellin, Ltd., the proprietors of the famous Food for Infants and other dietetic specialties, have ample cause for self-congratulation in the awards recently conferred upon them at the Brussels International Exhibition. A gold medal was awarded for Mellin's Food and Lacto, another for Mellin's Food Biscuits, yet another for Mellin's Food Chocolate, and a Diploma of Honour for Mellin's scientific Feeding-Bottle for Infants.

Most children object to their teeth being cleaned, and submit to the operation with great reluctance. This is not altogether to be wondered at, for many of the preparations which an adult may be able to use are either hurtful to the delicate mouth of a child or disagreeable to the taste. The Odol dentifrice has, however, entirely changed the attitude of children in this respect, because its taste is so mild and delicious and its effect so refreshing. There are two flavours of Odol—"Sweet Rose" (mild) and "Standard" (strong).

Messrs. Idris and Co. have been awarded the Grand Prix for mineral waters in the British Section at the Brussels Exhibition. Idris goes very well with spirits. Perhaps a thirsty but fiery one was attracted to Brussels by these cooling drinks, and if so, that might explain the conflagration.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 12.*

AS anticipated in our last week's Notes, the directors of the Bank of England have raised the official minimum, and the business community is anxiously waiting to see if the 4 per cent. rate can be made effective, for, if so, there will probably be no need for any further advance this year, which is what everybody wishes to avoid.

The Settlement has passed off without the trouble which at one time was anticipated, and has disclosed a bull account in the active Rubber shares, where everybody expected it would be the other way. The truth is that the jobbers are loaded up to their eyes with shares, and as the public are not relieving them, they are all carrying more than they like; hence the least attempt to sell is met by a sagging of prices and, in some cases, even a sharp fall.

The future of this market depends on the price of raw rubber, as no revival can be anticipated if fine, hard Para keeps dropping away, whereas a rising market in the raw commodity would completely alter the share position. The only thing that can improve the price of Rubber is a revival of the Yankee buying, which has of late nearly ceased, and an early renewal of which does not look probable.

## ISSUES.

At the present moment there seems to be plenty of money for new issues, if only the right thing is offered. While Mining Companies are failing to get any response, and even the boldest promoter dare not put out a plantation prospectus, good Bonds to yield from just over 4 per cent. to 5 and 6 per cent. are eagerly scrambled for. The Chinese Railway issue, the Corrientes loan, the Russian 4½ per cent. Railway Bonds, all succeeded in attracting the public's spare cash; while Colonial 3 or 3½ per cent. issues, and, in fact, anything which returns less than 4 per cent., however gilt-edged the security, is a drug in the market. The investor has begun to wake up to the fact that he can get plenty of good 4½ or 5 per cent. securities, and he is eager to put his knowledge into practice.

## CONSOLS AT 80.

At about 79, Consols will pay the round 3 per cent. on the money, allowing for income-tax at 1s. 2d. in the pound. As 3 per cent. cannot be called an exactly exhilarating rate in these days, there is good reason to suppose that Consols may have to go back further still before they recover to any marked extent. Indeed, it would not greatly surprise some of us pessimists to see Consols slip down to 75. A change in the Government might do Consols good for a time, but the effect could only be transient, because it is certain as eggs are eggs that a Unionist Administration would not only retain the present taxes, but that it would experience the greatest difficulty in resisting pressure to spend more, and ever more, money on the Navy. If one party is disposed to economy more than the other, it is the Liberal; but both sides now appear to be equally bent on spending, and that means further taxation or more borrowing, either of which is bad for the price of Consols. The banks and the Government may turn big buyers after this week's interest payments are made, but we are concerned less with the possible course of the market to-morrow than with its probable position a few months hence.

## ARGENTINE RAILWAY RESULTS.

It was suggested in our Stock Exchange letter last week that "prices may react a little bit upon the figures" of the Argentine Railway Companies' dividend announcements. This is what happened, and why it happened is because the reports show distinctly enough how the weight of new capital is even now beginning to tell upon profits. At the same time, the position is full of encouragement, and the holder of Argentine Railway stocks who sells at the present juncture will probably regret it later on. The most serious item in the reports already published is the reduction of the carry-forward, and with further capital ranking for dividend in the current twelve months, it is certainly a disquieting factor. Nevertheless, it has to be borne in mind that this new capital was for the most part spent on extensions and other reproductive work, and that it will now play its part in augmenting profits instead of being so much dead weight. The traffics, moreover, are extremely good, especially those of the Central Argentine, and the current six months wear every appearance of being bright ones for the railway industry of the Republic. When the first blush of disappointment with the figures is over, there should be quite buoyant days in store for the stocks of the leading lines, and the present affords, to our thinking, a much more advantageous opportunity for buying than for selling.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"All that glitters is not gold," commented Our Stroller, as he noticed how Kaffirs were being offered vigorously in the Street market.

"No; sometimes it's copper," was the quick retort of a merchant standing hard by. "Got anything to do in Rio Tintos?"

"Why has the mine got a double-barrelled name?" asked our always-too-inquisitive friend.

"Well, if you want to know the exact reason, it's because a Frenchman can't say one of the words and a German can't pronounce the other, so you see— Here, John, anything in Rio? They're good."

"What on?"

"Berlin riots, of course."

John looked mystified.

"Well, don't you see, these Berlin riots have got to be settled before Germany declares war with England, so—"

"See a doctor about it, old man; see a doctor," and John passed along with mournful head-shaking.

"That's the worst of it," complained the Tinto jobber. "You've only got to seem a wee bit flippant in business, and all your friends tell you to go and be— Amalgamated? Right! Get you the price in half a thirty-second twinkle," and he darted down to the Yankee Market.

The broker who had sent him off took Our Stroller for another House man, and began a sort of lame apology for getting the price of Amals. from a Rio jobber. "Wife and three children, all girls," he explained. "Rather awful for him, isn't it?"

"He seems to bear up well, considering the circumstances," laughed Our Stroller. "These Copper shares are good, aren't they?"

"Paris goes on taking them," the broker answered. "They talk of the dividend being a bad one this month, but still the buying continues. If—"

"Amalgamated are five-eighths seven-eighths," reported the jobber, with the professional Stock Exchange touch of leaving out one letter when quoting fractions in eighths.

"Buy a hundred of you," said the broker. "Good-night."

The jobber hurried back to snatch his probable one-pound-five, or possible two-pounds-ten, or not inconceivable nothing at all, if there wasn't a loss on it before he got into Shorter's Court.

Our Stroller followed him, but more leisurely, and was soon watching the crowd bid for Unions.

"If it weren't for Roosevelt, we should see this market blazing good," he overheard one man tell another as he showed him the list of latest prices.

"He may turn out to be your very good friend yet," was the sage reply; "you've noticed how he plays to the tariff-reformers one week, and to the tariffs themselves the next?"

His friend nodded assent. "A wonderful man," he ruminated; "a genius, perhaps a—"

"Going to put your clients into Yankees, old man?" cried a passer-by, slapping the broker with unnecessary force on the shoulder. "They're the right materials for breeches, you know!"

"We're all much the same way of thinking," answered the broker, "and if you hit me on the shoulder like that again I'll do my level best to pick you up the very next time I get an order in five hundred Union."

"Delighted to let you practise on me, old fellow! Why not start now?" And they all laughed as if it were rather a good joke.

"But how about Canadas?" put in Our Stroller.

"Ah yes, what about Canadas?" echoed another of the group.

"It all depends upon what happens at the meeting this week," was the obvious answer.

"No doubt; but after that? Isn't the meeting discounted?"

"I shan't prophesy until I know," declared one of the brokers. "What I have been doing is to turn my clients out of Canadas and to put them into Mexican First Preference."

"Rattling good investment, too. What does it pay now?"

"Between 5½ and 5¾ per cent. on the money. Stock's pretty sure to go to 150, or even 160. Besides, it is *cum* dividend now."

"Canadas will be 220 some day," observed a jobber. "You see."

"I daresay they will. But there's a faster rise in Mexican First Prefs."

"I wish the Kaffir Market would wake up," sighed Our Stroller; whereupon the others turned and stared at him till he felt like a rank outsider, and was thankful when violent bidding for Rocks diverted the general attention to the market.

He wandered round to the office of his broker, and found the latter elbow-deep in contracts. "What, busy?" he cried.

The broker admitted the soft impeachment.

"There's quite a lot going on really," he said. "It comes patchily, of course; but, on the whole, trade is much better than it was a month or two back."

"As it ought to be," replied his client.

"True, O King; but it doesn't stand to reason that the thing which ought to be always is. We find a reasonable amount of investment buying, and some stirring of the dry bones of speculation."

"You speak like one of the early Israelites," Our Stroller assured him. "Have you any views on Rubber?"

"Can't read it," admitted the broker. "Looks rather to me as though we might have them worse before we have them better."

"Then you advise—"

"A negative policy. If you feel keen about Rubber shares, I



shouldn't put you off buying Anglo-Malay, Consolidated Malay, Selangor, Pataling, and other good-class shares; but if you ask my advice, I'd say, 'Wait a bit,' and probably I should turn out to be quite wrong."

"All this talk of trouble——"

"No more ridiculous lot of rot has ever been talked in any market round the House. Why, if only one-tenth part of the rumours were one-tenth part true——"

And both men shuddered almost audibly.

#### FOREIGN BONDS.

The pronounced taste which is being shown for Foreign Bonds makes us think that the following brief details, taken from the market report of a well-known firm of brokers, may prove of use as suggestions to those of our readers who desire from 4½ to 5 per cent. on their money in this class of security—

Bond.	Interest per cent.	Coupons due.	Price.	Yield per cent.
Argentine B.A. Water	5	1st Jan. July	103½	4 10 10
Brazil Rescission	4	" "	90½	4 8 11
Chili 1896	5	" "	100	5 0 0
China 1898	4½	1st Mar. Sept.	101	4 9 1
Cuba Gold	4½	1st Feb. Aug.	100	4 10 0
Japan 1st Series	4½	15th Feb. Aug.	99	4 10 11

It is true the yields do not allow for redemption, but the premiums are so small that they may be practically neglected.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1910.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K. F. S.—The Company is a good, well-managed concern. The price of the stock is about £160, and the dividend 12 per cent. The office is in Edinburgh, and the dealing in stock principally in Scotland.

MAMMON.—Your Rubber list is a very uneven one. We think all the shares will go lower, but the best are Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6, 13, 14, and 15, and even these are too high. As to your postscript, the Company is highly capitalised, but the price is moderate, and we think it can pay 20. or .25 per cent. next year, unless rubber goes to 2s. 6d. a pound—perhaps even then.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The Corrientes 6 per cent. loan is a fair security, and was well applied for. If you have an allotment you may hold for investment.

E. J. F.—We think Pataling at anything under 55s. about the cheapest of the high-class Rubber shares; but our opinion is that the market may continue to sag.

EGYPT.—Your remarks are probably true; but we cannot print them, for obvious reasons.

ELMTREE.—We hardly like to recommend purchase of more shares while the West African Market looks so dead; but we believe in the Company, and think it would be among the first to benefit from a jungle improvement.

THE BARBERTON EXPLORING AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LTD.—The revival which is now taking place in the demand for shares in South African Companies, and more particularly in those of the lower-priced ones, makes it by no means unlikely that the purchase of the shares of the Barberton Exploring and Development Company might prove profitable. A vast amount of work has been done on the property, and, at the price now ruling—2s. 6d. for the 10s. fully paid share—there is room for a substantial rise on any revival in the market.

#### MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Folkestone, Roseneath may win the Dover Handicap, Briery the Romsey Handicap, Sir Knight the Town Nursery, and Sir Oracle the Hythe Welter. At Leicester, Bahati may win the Midland Nursery, Zadig the Camp Handicap, Finchale the October Handicap, and Milford Lake the Village Nursery. At Kempton, St. Michan may win the Duke of York Stakes, Juliet II. the Richmond Plate, Eudorus the Coventry Plate, Pietri the Imperial Produce Stakes, and Criton the Kempton Nursery. At Haydock Park, Angel's Path may win the October Handicap, and Torch the Autumn Handicap.



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"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES 4½d. for 10.

No. 12.

A tin of my very own—  
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**Tooth Powder**

£1000 INSURANCE. See page 398.

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An Illustrated booklet has just been published giving the full history of these inventions. It also contains some valuable information on Hay Fever, Asthma, Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Coughs, and most diseases of the Nose, Throat, Bronchi, and Lungs. All sufferers are invited to write at once for a free copy to Sir Hiram Maxim's sole licencees, Messrs. John Morgan Richards & Sons, Ltd., Dept. G, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

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Doctors Say There is a Harmless, Safe, and Sure Way to Remove it.

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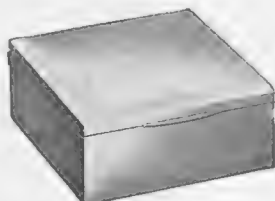
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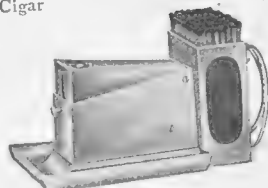
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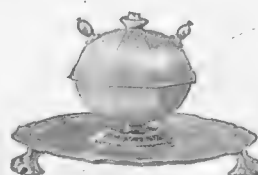
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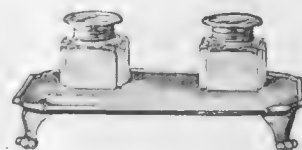
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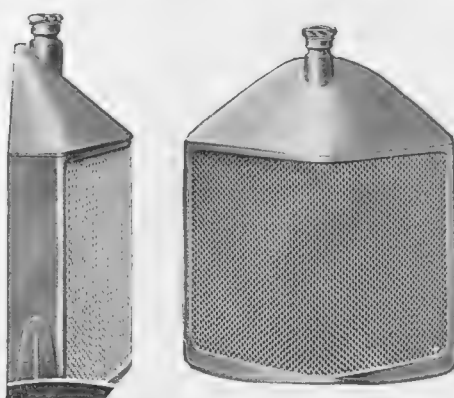
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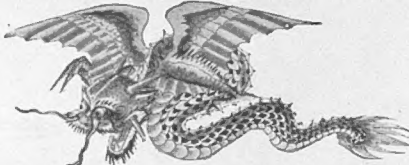
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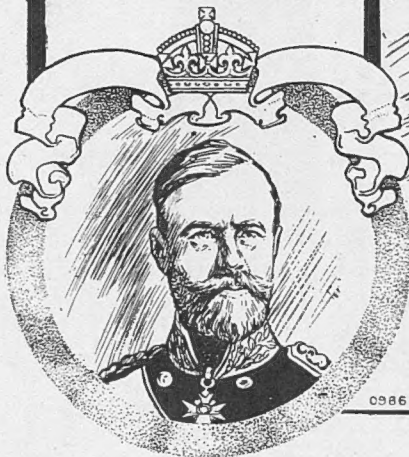
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